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FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

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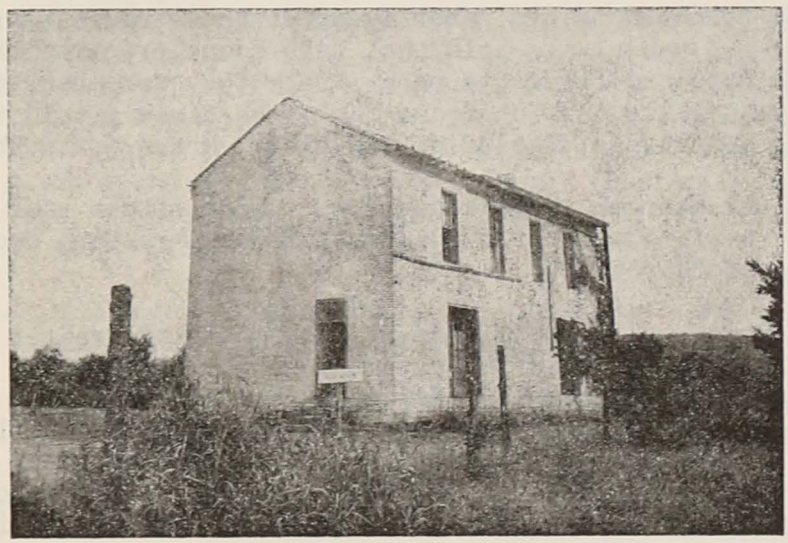
TALES OF THE MIDDLE FORK VALLEY
by Oscar E. Williams

I was born between the main fork and the middle fork of White River about one mile west of the Post Office of Maguire's Store, which was a noted trading point and social center known as Maguiretown at that time. The store was in a two-story brick building, with the store below and a Masonic lodge hall above. Being on a high bluff on the east bank of the White River, it was visible for some distance up and down the valley and made an imposing appearance.



Maguire's Store

Thi most important man in this section at that time was Doctor B.F. Williams. He was no relation of mine, but my uncle, Judge B.F.Campbell married his daughter, Effie Williams, about 1881. She was a woman of strong character and great intelligence. Doctor Williams was our family physician while we lived in Arkansas.

The farm on which I was born was acquired about 1838 by my great-grandfather, David Wilson Williams, whom we always referred to as "Grandpa Davey." My father was born on this farm January 22, 1856 and his father, Tasel Sidney Williams, was born in 1835 on a farm called the Buchanan place, east a few miles, where Grandpa Davey first settled in 1828 and had a store and made wagons. Some of his wagons were in existence until a few years ago.

The farm he bought in 1838 consisted of over 300 acres and adjoined the Herman Stokenbury farm on the north and was about one mile northeast of the home of Doctor James Boone, where he lived in a two-story brick house until he was murdered by three slaves on June 11, 1856. As Doctor James Boone and Grandpa Davey were brothers-in-law, our families

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always referred to the Doctor as "Uncle Jimmy "Boone. I have always been told that the motive behind his murder was robbery, that he refused to give up his money after they called him to the west door of his house and demanded it, and they then took his life. It is well known in that vicinity that the blood stains from his wounds were visible in the floor from that day until the building was torn down about two years ago. He lived long enough to tell two of his slaves, his housekeeper, Aunt Thursey, and Uncle Edmund, her husband, who his assailants were. Judge W.E.Williams, who was County Judge of Washington County when the present courthouse was built in 1904, owned the house where Doctor Boone was murdered, for many years.

Doctor Boone had two sons, Benjamin F. Boone and Lafayette Boone, who were prominent citizens of Washington County. (Goodspeed, pp. 917-918). Incidentally, my father, Benjamin Lafayette Williams, was named after both of them. Benjamin and Lafayette (Lafe) Boone hanged the two slaves who belonged to him shortly after their release from jail in July 1856. I was always told that Lafe Boone prepared the noose and climbed the tree and fixed the rope where they were hanged, which was between Fayetteville and the Boone home. He himself told this to several people now living, including his niece, Mrs.C.W.Stockburger.

Mrs. C.W.Stockburger of Fayetteville, whose maiden name was Lenore Robbins, is a granddaughter of Benjamin Boone. Mrs.Nora Boone Carlisle is also a granddaughter.

Benjamin Boone suffered wounds in the battle of Prairie Grove from which he died a few weeks later. Lafe Boone lived until 1900. Lafe Boone was a captain in the Confederate Army and Benjamin Boone was a lieutenant. They were both lawyers. Lafe Boone was County Treasurer of Washington County from 1874 to 1880. He was severely crippled by wounds received in battle and after the war he used to ride a pony on which he had to be helped on and off. He visited the Williams and the Boones and was a welcome guest at all times. I remember that he spent several days at our house shortly before we moved to Texas in 1889.

Another thing that impressed me when I was a small boy was hearing how Herman Stokenbury was killed in 1883 by being thrown from a mower and cut to pieces by the mower blades.

Before I can remember, my parents moved to Prather's Mill near the Strain school house on the east side of Middle Fork and ran a store for a while.

Evelyn Williams Strain (Aunt Nine Strain) was the youngest child of David Wilson Williams and Sarah Jane Smith Williams and she lived near Prather's Mill. She was born in 1836 and died in 1929 and had seven children, one of whom, Will Strain of Fayetteville, is living. She was a remarkable woman, a strong character.

Across Middle Fork to the west, on a farm that Thomas McCutcheon Campbell bought in 1853 or 1854, lived my great-grandmother, Minerva Marrs Simpson Campbell, and her son, Judge B.F.Campbell. Eleven of her fifteen children had married there from 1855 to 1881 (see FLASHBACK, October 17, 1953).

Ben F. Johnson owned a fine farm on which he had built a big brick house a mile or so up Middle Fork south of Prather's Mill. I heard a great deal about him from my grandmothers and others. He was captain of a company of Federal troops known as "Home Guards" by some and called "bushwhackers" by others, who operated in that section during the latter part of the War between the States.

My aunt Sarah Williams, who was born in California in 1858, married Oliver Johnson, oldest son of B.F.Johnson, in 1881 and they had five children. B.F.Johnson was a strong, rugged character, a good citizen and a good business man (Goodspeed, pp. 965-966). Other independent companies operated in this section during the war, on the Confederate side. My paternal grandfather, "Little Bill" Shumate, first belonged to Captain Hiram Combs' company and later to Captain Tuck Smith's company, which belonged to Brooks' regiment (Goodspeed, pp. 1018-1019) and was killed in action near Wesley, Arkansas in 1864 when my mother was six weeks old. My grandmother, his widow, fought the war over every few days during her life.

A little farther up Middle Fork lived R.R.Williams ("Uncle Bobbie") who was Grandpa Davey's brother. Peter Mankins also lived in that section. Uncle Bobbie Williams came to Arkansas in 1852 and settled on Middle Fork. He was a prominent and interesting character (see Goodspeed pp. 1042-1043). He has many descendants in this county, among whom is a great-grandson, Roy A.Scott, former County Clerk of Washington County and former Mayor of Fayetteville and now President of the Washington County Historical Society.

Peter Mankins, among other things, was noted for his great strength and power of endurance. He lived to be 111 years old.

Up near the head of Middle Fork was the boyhood home of Colonel T.J. Hunt who married my grandmother Williams' sister, Matilda Evelyn Campbell, in 1863 when he was in command of the Federal troops in Fayetteville. After her death in 1868 he married her cousin, Margaret A. Simpson. Colonel Hunt's history is well known; he held many honors (see Goodspeed pp. 961-962).

When I was about five years old we moved back to the farm on which I was born and in 1886 I saw an engine of the St.Paul branch in my grandmother's pasture, following the men who were laying the tracks. Shortly thereafter the post office at Maguire's Store was discontinued and a post office was established at Hood, in honor of Mr. Jim Hood. A short time later the name was changed to Elkins. (For Jim Hood's biography, see Goodspeed pp. 959-960).

About two miles south of Grandpa Davey's farm, his oldest son Thomas lived with his family on a large farm which he owned. He was born on the Buchanan place in 1832. He married Sallie McGarrah, daughter of William McGarrah. They had fifteen children, three of whom are living, A son of William McGarrah, Jim McGarrah, and another daughter, Elizabeth McGarrah, who married Alec Reed, lived near Elkins.

My Grandmother Williams used to tell me about how she and her husband, Tasel Sidney Williams, and my father, who was a little over a year old, joined an ox wagon train in the summer of 1857 and went to California to dig gold. The trip took six months. My father's sister Sarah was born in California May 30, 1858. As the War between the

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States was imminent, they returned to Arkansas in 1859 by ship around the south end of South America to New Orleans and by boat up the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers to VanBuren. They stopped at Havana, Cuba, and picked up some conch shells. While they were in California, my father played with Indian children and spoke their language better than he did English when they started back to Arkansas.

In August 1889, after losing our crops in an overflow of the White River, we and seven Robbins families, who were related to my mother, met near Towler's Ford on White River, near Maguire's Store, and started to Texas. My father intended to go to Oregon. There were eight covered wagons in the train and we made about 25 miles per day and camped together at night.

My father had a new Studebaker wagon which cost $25, two mules and a gray mare which I rode most of the trip, and a tent which cost $10. During the years 1889 and 1890, I rode this gray mare about 1,000 miles. We lived in the tent for over a year except when we were traveling. The third night we spent in a wagon yard in Fort Smith and the next morning we crossed the Poteau River in a flatboat pulled by a wire and entered the Indian country to the west. The run for the Cherokee Strip had been made on the 22nd of April, 1889.

The Robbins, headed by Uncle George and Aunt Nancy Robbins and their sons and a son-in-law, went to Collin County, Texas, where they bought property and established homes. We traveled around over the Indian Territory for several weeks and about October went to Sherman, Texas, where my father's brother, Jefferson Davis Williams, and his family lived and shortly thereafter he got a job on Gunter's Ranch near Sherman, feeding cattle.

About January 1890, we moved to Dennison and my father got a job on a bridge gang on the M.K.& T. Railroad, where he worked a short time. In February 1890, in the teeth of a blue blizzard, we went to Greer County, Oklahoma, where my Uncle James David Williams had squatted on a section of land. My father gave him $25 for 320 acres. Greer County, which now consists of four counties, was in dispute and we thought we were living in Texas. The main fork of the Red River was the boundary line between Texas and Oklahoma and as it had two forks about the same size, one on the south side and the other on the north side of Greer County, Texas claimed the north fork was the main fork and the United States claimed the south fork, and the United States finally won out.

Our post office, Aaron, Oklahoma, was in a 12 by 14 foot dugout on Turkey Creek, about seven miles west of Frazier, now Altus. A drouth in 1890 and hot winds burned up our crop and blew it out of the field, and we decided to move again, and went to Park, Collin County, Texas, where the Robbins lived. We went by Fort Sill and the home of Quannah Parker, chief of the Comanches. The Comanches were threatening to go on the war path about that time.

When we left Arkansas, there were two other boys in our family besides myself, William Sidney and Hubert Earl. Hubert Earl died at Parker, Texas, in the summer of 1890. Guy Ellsworth Williams, former Attorney-General of Arkansas and present Chancellor at Little Rock, was born near Parker in September 1891.

While leving near McKinney, Texas, I met many former residents of Washington County. Jack and George McGarrah, brothers of William McGarrah, had come to the Republic of Texas in 1842 and 1843 and settled in Peters' Colony on the east fork of the Trinity River in Fannin (now Collin County), Texas. They had many descendants. Some of the girls married Stiffs and Herndons and one married a Doctor Foote who had a hotel in McKinney. When I was a boy, Wallace Stiff, a grandson of Jack McGarrah, was City Marshal of McKinney. A good many years ago, Claude Williams, grandson of William McGarrah, who lives at Elkins, Arkansas, visited his kinfolks at McKinney.

I mention the McGarrahs because of the fact that they had lived with the Simpsons near Evansville, Washington County, Arkansas, in 1826. And several of them lived in the White River valley when I was a boy. I found out a short time ago that Jack McGarrah died on the way back from California where he went to dig gold in 1849. He left a widow and seven children.

J.S.Throckmorton, former Governor of Texas, lived in McKinney and a life-size statue of him is on the Court House plaza at McKinney. The Throckmortons lived in Fayetteville for some time. Governor Throckmorton's father and Doctor T. J. Pollard were partners in the practice of medicine here. (See Campbell's History of Fayetteville, p. 6). His son, Benjamin E. Throckmorton, was our family physician.

I might say that after attending rural schools in Texas, where I learned my ABC's in 1891, and the Collin County Summer Normal in 1901, I got a State Normal Certificate and taught two years near Rockwall, Texas. In 1903 I came back to Washington County, Arkansas, where I have lived since, except 23 years spent in Lonoke, Arkansas.

All my people, on all sides, back to grand-parents and great-grandparents, are buried in Washington County, Arkansas, except my father and mother who are buried in Pecan Grove Cemetery at McKinney, Texas.

History of the City of Lincoln

An attractive 40-page booklet has just come from the press of the Lincoln, Ark., Leader. It is "A History of the City of Lincoln" by Ruth Holt Payne and Mrs. Burlene Hilton, both of whom are members of the Washington County Historical Society.

Among the section headings of this well-written community history are: Early Settlers on Beaty Mountain, Schools and Early Teachers, Churches and Pastors, "Buryin' Grounds", Doctors and Dentists, Post Offices and Mail Routes, "Old Town and New Town", Editors, Builders, Railroad, Entertainment, etc. Among the illustrations are pictures of the old Star Hill School built in 1886, a street scene when "apples were big business in the early 1900s", and the last train through Lincoln.

The Lincoln history is published in a limited edition. Our WCHS members can secure a copy by sending one dollar to Ruth Holt Payne, Route # 2, Lincoln, Ark.

Washington County Historical Society, Incorporated

Our Society is the first county historical society to be incorporated under the laws of the State of Arkansas. On Feb. 2, 1960, Maupin Cummings, Circuit Judge, issued the following

ORDER OF INCORPORATION

Now on this 21st day of Cember, 1959, is presented to this Court, a Petition for Incorporation of the Washington County Historical Society, and the Court being well and sufficiently advised herein, finds:

That said Petition for Incorporation of the Washington County Historical Society was filed in this Court by W.J.Lemke, Roy Scott, L.W. Searcy, Tom Feathers, R.E.L.Bearden, Dr. Fount Richardson, Clarence V. Davis, and Mrs. Roy Brumfield, and others, a group of persons who are residents of Washington County and the State of Arkansas; that Arkansas Statutes 1947, Revised Edition, Section 64-1301 to Section 64-1308 provide for this proceeding ,and that the aforementioned group of persons have fully complied with said provisions;

It is, therefore, ordered that the Circuit Clerk of Washington County, Arkansas, issue to the Petitioners a Certificate of Incorporation, declaring them a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of "The Washington County Historical Society, Inc."

It is so ordered, this 2nd day of February, 1960.
Maupin Cummings, CIRCUIT JUDGE

The purpose of the Society, as stated in the constitution filed with the Articles of Incorporation, is as follows:

"The business and purpose of this corporation shall be to bring together those people interested in history, and especially in the history of Washington County. Understanding the history of our community is basic to our democratic way of life,gives us a better understanding of our state and nation, and promotes a better appreciation of our American heritage."

"The Society will disseminate historical information and arouse interest in the past by publishing historical material; by holding meetings with addresses, lectures, papers, and discussion; by marking historic buildings and sites; and by using the media of radio and teleivision to awaken public interest."

Article VII of the constitution provides that"the board of directors shall have the power to conduct all affairs of the Society." Article XII says: "The original board of directors shall consist of the present board of directors, as follows: W.J.Lemke, Roy Scott, L.W.Searcy, Tom Feathers, Grace Albright, R.E.L.Bearden, Dr.Fount Richardson, Mrs. Vera Wade, Clarence Davis, Mrs.Roy Brumfield, Roy Karnes, Ernest Bunch and Fred McCuistion. The length of term of each original director shall be determined by lot at first meeting of the board."

What the Incorporation means, of course, is that the Washington County Historical Society is no longer a loosely-knit informal group of local history enthusiasts, but an organization with legal standing and as much permanence as the atomic age will allow. Article II of the Articles of Incorporation states: "The period of existence shall be perpetual."

TRIAL OF THREE SLAVES
for the Murder of Doctor James Boone

by O. E. Williams

On the 11th day of June, 1856, Dr. James Boone was murdered by three slaves, two of whom belonged to him and one belonged to his brother-in-law, David Wilson Williams. The names of these slaves were Anthony, Aaron, and Randall. Anthony and Aaron belonged to Dr. Boone and Randall belonged to David Wilson Williams.

Dr. Boone came to Washington County in 1830. He was the first physician in the county and was a large owner of real property, slaves, and other personal property and was one of the most prominent citizens of the county.

A special term of the Circuit Court was called on the 13th day of June, to be held on June 30th, 1856. The three slaves above named were indicted by the Grand Jury on July 1, 1856, and Randall was tried on July 2nd and 3rd and found guilty of murder in the first degree. On July 3rd the prosecuting attorney nol prossed (dismissed) the case against Aaron, and on the same day Anthony was tried and acquitted. On July 7th Randall was sentenced to be hanged on August 1, 1856. The special term then adjourned without day.

The complete record of said trial follows, and the punctuation is given exactly as it is in the record, also the spelling.

State of Arkansas)
) SS
County of Franklin)

I Felix I. Batson Judge of the fourth Judicial Circuit of Arkansas do hereby order that a Special term of the Circuit Court of Washington County in the state and circuit aforesaid be holden at the Court-house in the Town of Fayetteville in said county of Washington on the thirtieth day of this present month of June A D 1856 for the trial of three Negroes Towit Anthony Aaron and Randall who are now confined in the jail of said County upon a charge of Murder and it is ordered that the clerk of said County of Washington issue a venire facias to the Sheriff requiring him to summon a grand jury of Sixteen good and lawful men of said County to attend such Special term of Court.

Witness my hand this 13th day of June A D 1856

Felix I Batson Judge
4th Judl Ct Ark

The foregoing order was recorded 17 June A D 1856
P R Smith Clerk

June 30th 1856

At a Special term of the Circuit Court began and held at the Courthouse in the Town of Fayetteville Washington County and State of Arkansas on the 30th day of June A D 1856 for the trial of Anthony Randall and Aaron, Slaves, who are now confined in the jail of said County of Washington upon a charge of Murder. "In persuance of an Order made by the Honorable Felix I Batson Judge of the fourth Judicial Circuit of the State of Arkansas on the 13th day of June 1856 which was entered of Record upon the Record of said Circuit Court, on the 17th day of June 1856."

When present the Honorable Felix I Batson Judge of the fourth Judicial Circuit of the state of Arkansas presiding and holding the same the following proceedings were had and done Towit,

And now on this day it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court here that notice of the commencement of this Special term of the Circuit Court had been duly served upon Hugh F Thomason the prosecuting attorney for said fourth Judicial Circuit at least ten days before the commencement thereof, and that said Prosecuting Attorney is not in attendance whereupon the Court appointed Jonas M Tebbetts Prosecuting attorney Protem, who after being duly sworn as the law directs entered upon the discharge of his duties.

And now on this day the sheriff returned in to Court here the following panel of grand jurors who had been summoned to serve as such at the present term of this Court Towit Thomas Wilson, James Williford, Ewing Benbrook, William Skelton, William H Campbell, John F Whitset, Ezekiel H Philip, Charles Cate, Luke Muncy, John Still, Searing Still, William F Wilson, James M Campbell, James Winn, Lewis Hewitt and David Carter, making in all sixteen good and lawful men of said County, of Washington householders or freeholders thereof and the said Thomas Wilson being duly sworn according to law as foreman of said grand jury. And the others of said grand jurors being also duly sworn and said jury being by the Court here charged retired in charge of the Sheriff to enquire of their duties

Ordered that Court adjourn until tomorrow morning 8 Oclock.

F I Batson

Tuesday morning 8 Oclock July 1st 1856 Court met persuant to adjournment present same as on yesterday

July 1st 1856

Comes now on this day the grand jury and through their foreman file a Bill of Indictment against Anthony Randall and Aaron Slaves for the Murder of James Boone and said grand jury having no further business before them were by the Court discharged.

Ordered that Court adjourn until tomorrow morning 8 Oclock

F I Batson

Wednesday morning 8 Oclock July 2nd 1856 court met persuant to adjournment present same as on yesterday

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Anthony Randall and Aaron slaves Defendants

Comes now on this day the said State of Arkansas by J M Tebbetts her attorney in this behalf prosecuting and the said defendants Anthony Randall and Aaron in custody of the Sheriff to the bar of the Court here brought and forty eight hours not having elapsed since the service of copies of the Indictment herein upon said defendants the said defendants waive their right and request that they be arraigned and put upon their trial And the said defendants having had hearing of said Indictment and it being demanded of them how they would acquit themselves of said Indictment each defendant separately for plea thereto says that he is not guilty in manner and form as charged in said Indictment and for good or evil puts himself upon the county and the said state by her attorney doth the like and on Motion leave is granted to sever in the trial of this cause and thereupon It is ordered by the Court that a venire facias issue herein in the case of each defendant, each for thirty eight good and lawful men of said county, returnable instanter and that said defendants be remanded to the jail from whence they came.

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Anthony Randall and Defendants
Aaron (Slaves)

Comes said State of Arkansas by J M Tebbetts her attorney in this behalf prosecuting and the said defendant Randall in custody of the Sheriff to the bar of the Court here brought, and the Sheriff having returned the venire issued herein duly executed and the said defendant Randall being ready for trial waives his right to a list of the jurors (summoned in this cause) forty eight hours before the trial Whereupon the following named persons were selected from said venire to try the issue herein joined Towit, Arther Crawford Henry Gollaher Henry Brock J L Carlile Hugh A Elder Jesse M Gilstrap John Williams Edward Brown Robert Hodge A K Chandler Burrell W Featherston and William E Smith, twelve good and lawful men of said County who after being duly sworn according to law and hearing a part of the evidence the day being consumed were by consent, permitted to retire in charge of the Sheriff until tomorrow morning 7 Oclock

Be it remembered that on the first day of this Special term and at and before the empaneling the grand jury herein, the said defendants Anthony, Aaron, and Randall, being in open Court and having no counsel to defend them and being unable to employ the same, the Court proceeded to assign them a counsel P P Vanhoose and E C Boudinot esqurs Attorneys of this court who thereupon took upon themselves the defence of said prisoners.

Ordered that Court adjourn until tomorrow morning 7 Oclock
F I Batson

July 3rd 1856

Thursday morning 7 Oclock July 3rd 1856 Court met persuant to adjournment present same as on yesterday

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Anthony Randall and Defendants
Aaron slaves

Comes now on this day the State of Arkansas by her attorney in this behalf prosecuting as well as the said defendant Randall in custody of the Sheriff to the bar of the Court here brought, and the Jury being called appeared and took their seats in the jury box and after hearing the evidence concluded and the instructions of the Court, retired from the bar to consider their verdict and after due consideration thereon had returned in to Court here the following verdict Towit, "We the jury do find the within defendant Randall guilty of Murder in the first degree in manner and form as charged in the within Bill of Indictment (signed Arther Crawford foreman) Whereupon It is ordered by the Court that said defendant be remanded to the common jail of said County from whence he came.

Ordered that Court adjourn until Saturday morning next 5th Inst at 8 Oclock F I Batson

S Saturday morning 8 Oclock July 5th 1856 Court met persuant to adjournment present same as on Thursday.

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Anthony Randall and Defendants
Aaron Slaves

Comes now on this day said state of Arkansas by her attorney in this behalf prosecuting and says he is unwilling further to prosecute this suit as to the defendant Aaron And by leave of the Court elects to enter a Nolle Prosequi herein as to the said defendant Aaron It is therefore considered by the Court that the said defendant Aaron go hence hereof without day fully discharged of the Indictment.

July 5th 1856

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Anthony Randall and
Aaron Slaves

Somes now on this day said state of Arkansas by her attorney in this behalf prosecuting as well as the said defendant Anthony in custody of the Sheriff to the bar of the Court here brought and the Sheriff having returned the venire issued herein duly executed and the said defendant Anthony being ready for trial waives his right to a list of the jurors (summoned in this cause) forty eight hours before trial whereupon the following named persons were selected from the said venO ire to try the issue herein joined, Towit, James T Bell John Wilson

A T O Barron Jacob Cook Thomas Cline James Moore John Dearing John Harness Thomas Blakemore William Eidson Joseph Miller Jr. and William Coldwell twelve good and lawful men of said County who after being duly sworn according to law, and after hearing the evidence of councel, and charge of the Court retired from the bar to consider their verdict and after due deliberation thereon had returned into Court here the following Verdict Towit, "We the jury do find the within defendant Anthony not guilty as charged in the within Bill of Indictment (signed John Harness foreman). It is therefor considered by the Court that the said defendant Anthony go hence hereof without day fully acquitted of said indictment

Ordered that Court adjourn until Monday morning 7 Oclock 7th Instant.
F I Batson

Monday morning July 7th 1856 Court met persuant to adjournment present same as on Saturday

State of Arkansas Plaintiff
vs SS Indictment for Murder
Randall Defendant

Comes now on this day the said State of Arkansas by her attorney in this behalf prosecuting as well as the said defendant Randall in custody of the Sheriff to the bar of the Court here brought and the said defendant move the Court to grant him a new trial herein and the Court after due consideration had doth overrule said Motion. And the said defendant, Randall, being before the bar of the Court it is thereupon forthwith demanded of him, the said Randall, if he hath or knoweth any thing to say, wherefore the Court ought not, upon the premises and the Verdict heretofore, herein, rendered against him, to proceed to judgment against him? Who nothing further saith, unless as before he hath said, whereupon all and singular, the premises being seen, and by the Court here understood, the Court proceeded to pass sentence on said defendant according to law. It is therefore considered by the Court, here, that the said Randall be taken to the jail of Washington County aforesaid, from whence he came and from thence, on Friday, the first day of August, in the year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and fifty six to the place of execution and between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of said day be then and there hanged by the neck until he is dead: And thereupon he is committed to the custody of the Sheriff of said County. And it is ordered by the Court that the clerk of this Court make out and deliver to Sheriff of the County of Washington, a warrant, stating the conviction and sentence as aforesaid, and the day, time and place on which said Sentence is to be executed

Ordered that this Special term of Court now adjourn without day
F I Batson

(Recorded in Circuit Court Record "G" at pages 481-487, of the Records of Washington County, Arkansas.)

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The record shows that Presley R. Smith was clerk ofthe Circuit Court. He was one of the most popular and one of the most useful men in this section in his day. (See "Uncle" Preley Smith, by Rowena Gallaway, October 1955 FLASHBACK.) Mr.Smith was related to my great-grandfather, James McCutcheon Campbell, who was on the Grand Jury that returned the Bill of Indictment against Anthony, Aaron and Randall, slaves. Kate Smith,one of Presley R. Smith's daughters, married DeWitt Clinton Yell, only son of Archibald Yell.

The prosecuting attorney pro tem, Judge Jonas M. Tebbetts, and P.P. VanHoose and E. C. Boudinot, appointed by the Court to defend Anthony, Aaron and Randall, were leading lawyers of this district. Mr.VanHoose and his brother, J.H.VanHoose, were life-long residents of this county and leaders in its fraternal, social and civic affairs. E.C.Boudinot, a Cherokee Indian, was a highly educated and cultivated gentleman and an able lawyer, who practiced here for several years and later atFort Smith, where he died. He was active and popular in civic and social affairs. (See Campbell's "History of Fayetteville, 1928, p. 99. Also Hallum's "Pictorial History of Arkansas", pp. 349-359.)

We know little about the Circuit Judge, Felix I. Batson, except that he lived in Franklin County and was Circuit Judge of the 4th Judicial Circuit from August 20, 1853, until February 21, 1859, and that he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1861. The 4th Judicial Circuit at that time consisted of the following counties: Scott, Crawford, Franklin, Johnson, Carroll, Newton, Madison, Washington, Benton and Sebastian.

The Prosecuting Attorney, Hugh F. Thomason, who did not attend at this special term, was a member of the Fort Smith bar. He had moved from Fayetteville a short time before 1856 and lived at VanBuren.

Goodspeed's history of Northwest Arkansas gives the following account of the murder of Dr. James Boone:

"In 1856 Dr James Boone, an old and prominent citizen living about five miles from Fayetteville, was brutally murdered by three slaves, two of whom belonged to him and one was the property of a neighbor. The Negroes conspired to kill him, and going to his house at night, they created sufficient disturbance to bring him to his door, when they felled him to the ground with a blow from a bludgeon and continued to beat him until he was dead. When accused they confessed to the crime and a band of men, led by the sons of Dr,Boone, took the Negroes that had belonged to him from the jail and hung them, the third was tried at the next term of court and was also hung." (Goodspeed, p.191)

The above account is contradicted by the record in some respects and also by the account given to me by my parents and grandparents and others. I will discuss only the record here but will discuss the other aspects of the matter in "Tales of the Middle Fork Valley", which also appears in this issue of FLASHBACK.

I have always been told that Benjamin and Lafayette Boone, sons of Dr. Boone, hanged Anthony and Aaron, who belonged to their father, but as these slaves had been discharged by the court, as shown by the foregoing record, I see no necessity of taking them from the jail, and, in

my opinion, I do not think they did so. Randall, who belonged to the neighbor, my great-grandfather David Wilson Williams, was tried and convicted and given the death penalty before Anthony and Aaron were discharged and was hanged on the first day of August, 1856. All of which happened at the special term called to try the murderers of Dr. Boone.

Randall was the principal in this murder, Anthony and Aaron were at most accomplices. Under the law an accomplice could not be convicted on the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice and, no doubt, the testimony was not sufficient as to Anthony and Aaron. Anthony was acquitted by a jury and the case against Aaron was nol prossed and they were accordingly discharged and "went hence hereof without day fully discharged of said indictment" on the 5th day of July, 1856.

An interesting sidelight on the murder of Dr. Boone is shown in a letter which was written by John and Elizabeth Wilson to their son and daughter-in-law, William and Martha Wilson, from Madison City, Arkansas, June 26, 1856, and contains the following paragraph:

> "Well, Will, there is heep of Ruffins in this country, there was an old man by the name of Boone beat to death a few weeks ago, it was done by Negroes that have confessed and they have got them in jail and their trial will come off next week, there is three concerned in it and it is supposed they will hang."

The above mentioned letter is in the possession of Mr.Everett Whillock of Fayetteville, a descendant of the above-named Wilsons.

I might say here that Dr.James Boone and my great-grandfather, David Wilson Williams, lived within about a mile of each other when Dr.Boone was murdered. David Wilson Williams lived about one-half mile north of the Herman Stockenbury brick home, which is on Highway 16 about one mile north of Elkins, and Dr. James Boone lived in a two-story brick house about one mile west of the Herman Stokenbury home. They had married sisters in Green County, Tennessee, before coming to Arkansas. David Wilson Williams' wife was Sarah Jane Smith and Dr.Boone's wife was Sophia Smith. Their brother, Andrew Smith, was also an early settler in Richland Township, Washington County, Arkansas. (See Goodspeed, pp. 1019-1020).

Arkansas Archeological Society

An Arkansas Archeological Society has recently been formed to unite all persons interested in the Indians and the earliest history of the state. Since the boundary between recorded history and unrecorded prehistory or acheology is a hazy and fluctuating one, I felt that the Archeological Society might be of interest to many of your members. The Society will publish ten monthly Newsletters a year. The January and February issues are under separate cover. If you feel that this Society would be of interest to your WCHS members, we would appreciate your calling it to their attention. Active membership dues are $2 per year.

C.R.McGimsey, University Museum, Fayetteville, Ark.

History Commission Issues Catalog of Pictures

The Arkansas History Commission, Old State House, Little Rock, has issued a catalog of the photos and other pictorial material in the Commission's archives. The idea of listing the pictures that are available is a good one and the 40-page mimeographed bulletin is well arranged. But the number of pictures in the state's historical collection is surprisingly small -- about 1,800. A form letter addressed to the members of the Arkansas Historical Association should bring in twice that many pictures in one week. Another letter, to the publicity directors of the state colleges, industrial concerns, and Chambers of Commerce, should bring in another thousand pictures. And certainly the History Commission should have copies of the thousands of pictures taken through the years by other state departments, especially Publicity and Parks, Highway, Battlefield, and other Commissions. All it takes is a little effort.

Civil War Incident

W. D. Quinton was my great-great-grandfather -- mother's side.

Calie Agnes Quinton, one of his granddaughters, married Noah Oscar Stockburger, and it was this union that produced my mother. Winslow was the family home but Baptist Ford is their burying ground. Granddad is there now.

There's a little home that sets just east of Highway 71 where the road from West Fork intersects, and it was here that my grandmother's mother found a wounded Federal soldier. He died, so they scooped out a shallow grave by the creeek and buried him. Later, people from Cassville came and got the body. Grandmother's people were Union sympathizers, while Granddad's were Rebels.

Captain Doug Jones

Prairie Grove Mention

Prairie Grove is mentioned once in a recent Civil War book, "They Who Fought Here" by Wiley and Milhollen (Macmillan, $10, 1959). In the chapter dealing with "Morals and Religion", and specifically with the activities of the chaplains, this statement appears: "Following the battle of Prairie Grove, an Illinois Colonel reported that 'Chaplain R.E.Guthrie proved to be a soldier in every sense of the word. He was on the field throughout the whole engagement, encouraging the men on in their good work, calling on them to trust in God, and fire low.'"

Deane G. Carter

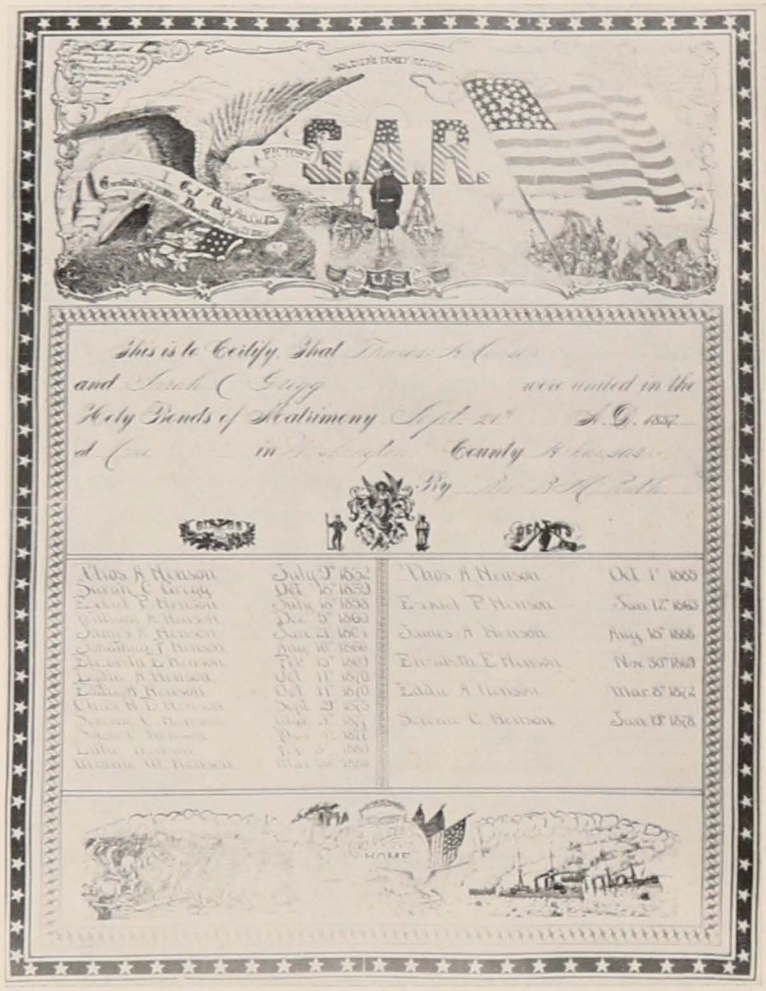
WCHS Officers Elected for 1960

The annual dinner meeting of the WCHS was held January 26 in the Mountain Inn, Fayetteville. Speaker for the occasion was O.E.Williams, who related pioneer history of Maguiretown and the Middle Fork valley.

Reports for 1959 were given by the following officers: Roy A. Scott, Tom C. Feathers, Miss Grace Albright, and W.J.Lemke. Rober R. Logan, chairman of the nominating committee, submitted the folllwing slate of officers for 1960: Roy A. Scott, president; Tom C. Feathers, vice-president: Deane G. Carter, secretary-treasurer; W.J.Lemke, editor of publications. They were elected by acclamation.

THOMAS A. (ANDY) HENSON

HENSON
FAMILY RECORD
ON
PATRIOTIC
SCROLL



THOMAS ANDREW HENSON

by Thomas Rothrock

It was the year 1846 that an orphan boy left his home in the Sequatchie Valley, Bledsoe County, East Tennessee, and in the company of an older brother headed his horse towards the western horizon. The parents of the two, Jonathan and Lydia Jones Henson, had died four years earlier. The two adventurers were simply obeying the urge of many young of that day and since, to take the westward way in search of cheaper and better land.

The older of the two brothers was William; the younger was Thomas Andrew. He was only 14 years of age and was the youngest of six children. Weeks later the two adventurers settled east of Fayetteville, Arkansas, on rich bottom land in the so-called Oxford Bend community.

Little is now definitely known about William Henson. It is reasonable to suppose that he was of age; that he had sold his part of the family estate and with the capital thus gained he purchased land in the White River valley. At any rate, he seems to have settled substantially in northwest Arkansas and to have kept his younger brother with him for several years. The report is that he lived out his life and died in the Oxford Bend community and that he had some family. Any descendants he left seem to have left northwest Arkansas.

At the age of 21 Andy Henson returned to his native mountains of East Tennessee on horseback, to sell his share of the family estate. This done, he turned his horse's nose to the westward way. With his acquired capital he came back to northwest Arkansas.

And now Andy Henson begins to show a shrewdness in business, a shrewdness not the least lessened by the fact that he was thrown on his own resources at an early age. He began to buy land and livestock and to trade in both of them. By the time he had reached the half century mark he was a rich man for the day and place.

During the year 1852 there was a young woman attending the Fayetteville Female Seminary named Louiza Maria Kennan. A report card of hers dated August 31, 1852, is still in the possession of a grandson, Harold Henson of Springdale, Arkansas. Her teacher was Miss Lucretia Foster who later became principal of Miss Sawyer's School. Printer of the record was none other than William E. Woodruff, founder of the Arkansas Gazette.

Louiza M. Kennan was born April 8, 1831, the daughter of Thomas and Nancy Cave Kennan, Kentucky natives. She came to northwest Arkansas from Columbia, Boone County, Missouri, to attend the Fayetteville Female Seminary and, while doing so, stayed with an uncle, John Kennan of the Goshen Road. It was here that Andy Henson met her.

Andy and Louiza were married in June 1853 by the Rev. R.B.VanHorne. They began their life together on a farm four miles east of Fayetteville near Son's Chapel. Close by their home was a fine spring and beautiful shade trees. Here two children were born to them: a son, Alexander Byrd, and a daughter, Laura Louise. Andy was prospering. His crops, his livestock and his land were ever increasing.

Death struck suddenly -- as it did in those days even more than now. Louiza, the young wife, died Jan. 3, 1857. She is buried in the cemetery at Son's Chapel.

Sept. 24, 1857, Thomas Andrew Henson and Sarah Callie Gregg were united in matrimony by the Rev. B.M.Routh at the home of the bride east of Springdale. To them were born twelve children: Ezekiel P., William A., James A., Jonathan F., Elizabeth E., Lydia A., Eddie A., Charles N.C., Serenie C., Solon C., Lillie, Minnie M.

The earlier years of Andy and Callie's family life were darkened by a cloud not of their making. The Civil War was drawing inexorably nearer. Wherever and whenever people gathered, the slavery issue was warmly discussed. Newspapers were full of the matter. The black cloud of civil strife rumbled ever closer till it cast a shadow o ver every home.Many families were divided and those which remained united, could not be happy.

Andy Henson took small part in the heated discussions over the slavery issue going on about him. He undoubtedly gave thought to the matter but had learned long ago to rely on his own judgment and so solved his problems in his own way. His business continued to prosper and he gave his attention to it.

He was a slave owner now himself, having bought two male slaves. One was named Tobe and he was a cobbler. He repaired shoes in Fayetteville when not busy on the farm and the money he earned he brought to his master. Andy did not keep his slaves, as such, for a considerable length of time. He freed them but they remained with him for a number of years afterwards. Tobe continued to cobble and went on bringing at least part of the money he earned to his former owner.

In the gray dawn of April 12, 1861, a Southern battery cracked a shell over Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina and the Civil War with its four years of death and anguish was well begun. Andy Henson still tried to follow a policy of minding his own business. He could not for long do so.

Northwest Arkansas became harried by parties from both armies engaged in scouting, recruiting, foraging, burning. In addition there were bands of robbers and cutthroats who fought for no case but plunder.

More and more the bushwhackers bothered Andy Henson and his family. One day a squad of these no-goods rode up to the Henson home. Andy saw them coming, seized his rifle and climbed the ladder to the loft. The trapdoor he left open a crack.

"Come on down, Henson," called out the leader of the ruffians. "We know you're up there."

"You bet I'm up here," Andy called back. "Come up and get me."

The bushwhackers looked at one another and muttered among themselves but none of them attempted to mount the ladder to the loft.

Finally one of them offered, "We didn't come a'ter him. We come a'ter the money he's got hid 'round here somewhere. Let's find it."

After the house had been thoroughly ransacked and nothing found, one of the bushwhackers cast eyes on the feather mattress on the bed.

"Bet the money's hid in all them feathers!" he cried.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Callie Henson's prized feather mattress was seized by rough hands and carried into the yard. Quickly it was ripped open and the sea of feathers scattered to the four winds. However, no money was found.

Cursing their luck the disappointed and angry bushwhackers piled dry limbs against a corner of the house, then started a fire. As angry as any of the ruffians, Callie Henson carried water from the spring and put out the flames. After further cursing and threatening, the bushwhackers finally rode off. When they were gone Andy Henson came down from the loft.

Emphatically he spoke to his wife, "That settles it! I've had enough. I'm joining the army."

"Which army, Andy? The Union Army?

"Yes, Callie, the Union Army. I freed my own slaves, didn't I?"

Andy Henson enrolled in Company I, First Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers. This was the most famous Washington County Federal regiment. Largely drawn from the young manhood of the county, it was quite active in the military campaigns pertaining to Northwest Arkansas. It was mustered into service August 7, 1862 and mustered out August 23, 1865. The last two years of its existence it had a cornet band and at the close of the war the instruments were presented to the city of Fayetteville.

Average strength of the regiment was around 875 officers and men. Of these 275 were lost by death. Andy's Company I had 24 deaths. There were many wounded. Andy received no battle wound but a bullet did pass between his arm and body, making a hole in both coat and shirt.

He was enrolled September 15, 1863. During the latter part of that month his regiment re-occupied Fayetteville, then took part in several skirmishes in the general area of northwest Arkansas with both Confederates and guerillas. The year 1864 saw a continuation of these skirmishes.

On November 3, 1864 a determined Confederate attack was made on the little town of Fayetteville by General James Fagan's division of General Sterling Price's army, at the time retreating from a campaign into Missouri. This force moved up from a camp at Bean Springs south of Lincoln and was joined in the attack by Major Buck Brown and Colonel Brooks and their men. Confederate guns on the hills west of town kept the Federal troops under fire. The First Arkansas Cavalry was in Fayetteville at the time and repulsed the attack. During the year 1865 they carried on a relentless warfare against the bands of guerillas which still infested northwest Arkansas.

Andy Henson's joining the Union Army did not keep the bushwhackers from molesting his home. They kept running off his stock and threatening his family. From his station in or near Fayetteville, Andy would ride out occasionally to visit his family and his farm.

Finally he sent his wife and four children to Missouri in a wagon to live there till the war was over. They seem to have gone to a small place named Silvany. Possibly it was a place of refuge for those fleeing the murderous border warfare.

During much of his time in the service Henson was used as a mounted scout whose duty it was to warn the main body of the approach of the enemy. In war, such scouting is necessary but the one involved in it is a poor risk for a life insurance policy.

Northwest Arkansas was dealt with harshly by the Civil War. The little city of Fayetteville saw its churches, its schools, its public buildings destroyed as well as many private homes. Its people were scattered, broken as to both finances and morale.

At long last, in the spring of 1865, along with the budding leaves and flowers and the growing grass, peace came. Henson went to Missouri after his family.

They drove back over the stagecoach route now known as the Old Missouri Road. They passed over land where the head of Lake Fayetteville is now, and Callie Henson's eyes lighted. "I want this farm!" she cried out. "I want to live here."

Andy bought the farm. There was a big spring where the stagecoaches used to stop and where the horses were watered. The big spring became known as Henson Springs.

Thomas Andrew Henson lived only 53 years. He was born July 9, 1832 and died October 1, 1885. Sarah Callie Gregg Henson was born October 18, 1839 and died May 7,1927. Both are buried in Sons Chapel cemetery.

Any study of Andy Henson reveals a man of strong character. He was fearless and self-reliant to a great degree. He was loyal to any person or cause he considered worthy. He endured the hardships that all pioneers must endure. Added to a keen sense of business was an energy which kept him always busy at his own affairs. When he died he owned around 700 acres of land, much personal property and good quality live stock. Even a casual glance at deposit slips made at the McIlroy Bank in Fayetteville and still in possession of the Henson family will show that for the time and place he owned a considerable amount of money.

He was a proud man -- proud of his family, his farms, his livestock. Once when his son Byrd told him of being challenged to a horse race by a young lady and beaten, Andy Henson's brow clouded and he thoughtfully rubbed his beard. "We've got to have a better horse," he announced. Scouring the country he secured that "better horse." The challenging and the racing resulted in something more important than the purchase of a fleet horse; it resulted in the romance and marriage of Byrd Henson to the young lady in question, Maud Bridenthal.

Only of medium height, he was broad of shoulder and strong of frame. His children numbered fourteen -- two by his first wife and twelve by his second. At his death all that he had was divided among his children in accordance with his last wishes.

Among his descendants the story is still told of the time when a sheriff of Washington County asked his help in arresting a rough and tough character who lived in the "coal banks" near Zion. The two rode to Rough-and-Tough's shack where Andy dismounted, walked to the door and rapped sharply on it. The one sought opened the door.

"The sheriff's here," Andy announced. "He wants you. Come on."

Rough-and-Tough saddled his horse under the watchful eyes of Henson and the sheriff and the three started for Fayetteville. A hawk was in a treetop by the road. Andy pulled out his army pistol, took aim and fired. With the report the hawk tumbled to earth.

There was a minute of silence, then Rough-and-Tough remarked dryly, "You don't need to be afraid of me trying to get away from you, Andy."

A Bit of Newspaper History

Your announcement that the historical society will publish Erwin Funk's newspaper reminiscences is good news. I want to read about that early typesetting machine, the Junior Linotype.

It was during the first week of April of 1909 that I began work in Fayetteville for D.C. and Roscoe Ambrose as a carrier for the Evening News. Bob Kennard and I formed the entire city distribution staff and our combined efforts took care of 250 to 300 households. An old fellow by the name of Peckham hand-pegged a couple of columns of type per day and with the liberal use of boilerplate a 4-page 6-column paper resulted. Paul Hannah was attending high school at the time and after school he would show up and perform mekup duties and run off the required papers. The place of publication was where the Gas Company is now. The Fayetteville Daily was where the cafe and Pearson law offices are now, and that firm had a specimen of that diabolical contraption called the Junior Linotype. I was in the Daily office quite often. Watt Coffey was the operator and a young fellow named Walter Hilt filled in. S.E.Marrs took care of the news and Leon R. Smith business and circulation.

After a year with the Evening News,I became a carrier for the Daily. This was on the day the Titanic sank. A few months afterward, the Ambrose and Marrs-Smith-Coffey papers switched buildings. In casting about for a new operator, the Daily persuaded Gene Murphy to come down from Springdale and take over. This was in the early fall of 1913 and just a few months after that the place burned down. I believe it was Jan. 14, 1914. I still have the pictures. When the east wall fell in, it resulted in several tons of bricks resting atop the Linotype Jr., which is the most merciful end that could have befallen it. A hurry-up order was sent for a Model K machine.

John Philbeck's Review Printing Co. printed the Daily for many weeks. Composition was by hand, Misses Inez Hamisfar and Irene Kerr doing the honors. The new machine was set up at the Review plant, as it was several months before the new building was ready for occupancy. In the meantime the Linotype Company had removed everything salvageable from the old Junior and dumped the remains out back of Sanford's Machine Shop. Gene Murphy and Paul Hannah are among the very few still around who had knowledge of the Junior Linotype. The company's representative said that this machine, along with John Stafford's at the Springdale News and Erwin Funk's atthe RogersDemocrat, were the last ones extant.

Walker Kelly, Little Rock

LETTERS FROM READERS

I have received my membership card in the Washington County Historical Society. I know I will enjoy FLASHBACK, for it is "right up my alley" -- local history, that is. You and yours come to Blue Spring whenever you can -- just 4 miles west of Eureka Springs, Ark.

Evan Booth, Blue Spring Farm,
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Each issue of FLASHBACK is the best. I always get some fact important to our family history and many other things of interest. I am working on the Bean family in this country. Three Bean brothers -- Mark, William, and Tillford -- came to Lampassas from Washington County in 1852. They built a large rock house near Lampassas. It is still standing in excellent condition and the graves of the Bean brothers are nearby. Our thanks to all of you who do so much work, the fruits of which mean pleasure to the rest of us.

Mr. and Mrs.L.E.Alexander,
Box 584, Rocksprings, Texas

I have copied for you a human-interest paragraph pertaining to the Union army's doings in your part of the state, from the "Official History of the Kansas Regiments." I received the book on loan from the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka. It's about "Buck and Ball", a newspaper published at Cane Hill by the 11th Kansas, in December 1862. I enjoy FLASHBACK. Your January special issue was beautiful.

Clara B. Kennan,
1615 Battery St., Little Rock, Ark.

My father, Charles F.Wood, attended Cane Hill Academy. I do not know if it was prior to the Civil War or not. One of my brothers said there was a newspaper man at Lincoln, I believe it was, who had an old roster of Cane Hill students. If you know of such, I would like to have a copy of it and would like to know if my father's name was on that roster -- also his sister Eudora Wood. I can give you a resume of my father's military career in northwest Arkansas if you would like to have it for your files. He was a Confederate soldier and fought in the battles of Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove.

Fox Wood, 503 American Natl Bank Bldg.,
Oklahoma City 2, Okla.

I found an old warranty deed that might prove interesting to your society. It was uncovered when the old building that once housed the Shibley & Heard Dry Goods company was being re-done. The deed is from Lee T. Blakemore to J. R. Cazort, G. T. Cazort and W.A. Cazort and was filed for record on Sept.24,1885. J.N.Tillman was clerk and ex-officio recorder. The deed reads in part: "I, Lee T. Blakemore, for and in consideration of the sum of Eleven hundred dollars paid by J.R.Cazort, G.T.Cazort and W.A.Cazort to hereby grant, bargain and sell unto the said (repeat the three Cazorts) and their heirs and assigns, the following described lands, situated in Washington County, State of Arkansas, towit: Block five (5) in the City of Fayetteville in the County and State aforesaid." The Cazorts, of course, owned many acres of our finest Arkansas river bottom lands in Crawford County.

Mrs. Hugh Park,
Press-Argus, Van Buren, Ark.

OLD HERMANNSBURG IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, ARKANSAS

(Editor's note: This is the fourth and last installment of the history of a German community in Washington County (1850-1862), called Hermannsburg before the Civil War and Dutch Mills after the war. Earlier installments were written by John H. Hermann, the founder of Hermannsburg, and his wife Nanny. The article that follows contains the "Childhood Memories" of John H. Hermann's daughter Elise, who was born in Washington County, Arkansas, in 1852. She became Mrs. Adolf Nuessle of Mannheim, Germany. She told her "Childhood Memories" to her granddaughter, Gertrud Gscheidlen (now Mrs. Alfred Meyer), who recorded them. My translation is from a typewcript in German that was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Meyer of State College, Pa., to whom I am most grateful. -- WJL)

Childhood Memories of a German-American Girl
as told by Elise Nuessle, nee Hermann

On the Farm

Among the many Germans who emigrated in the year of the 1848 revolution was a young engineer from Mannheim, John Henry Hermann, who had been educated in Vienna, Mailand and Florence and who had received his practical training in Lyon. Traveling with him to America was a preacher named William Wilhelmi with the latter's two sons and two daughters. John Henry Hermann associated himself with the two Wilhelmi sons and several other young men in a bachelor housekeeping set-up on a farm in Missouri, which they named Wilhelmi Farm.

They shared the household duties: one was in charge of the kitchen for a week, another brought firewood from the firest,and still another did the washing. The result was so entertaining that they quite forgot the difficulties they had anticipated. One of the men had such a poor sense of direction that he could only find his way out of the forest with difficulty, so they tied a cow-bell around his neck, and when they no longer heard the bell tinkle, one of his comrades would go to seek him, knowing surely that he had lost his way. White and woolen wash were placed in the same washtub of boiling water until all the articles had turned a dirty gray.

So they looked around for feminine housekeepers, who were not hard to find, since the sisters, Nanny and Lina Wilhelmi, lived nearby. John Henry married Nanny and looked around for a new home.

Wedding Journey to Arkansas

In a beautiful hilly area, on the border of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, surrounded by primeval forest and prairies covered by cane as tall as a man, lay a small valley between two hills. A creek meandered through the meadows which were thickly covered with flowers. All round stood unusual trees. This place was the objective of their journey after the wedding.

The young couple rode in a wagon, driven by a hired hand. They said goodbye to the Wilhelmi parents who promised to follow them soon. It was thought that the trip would take several weeks and so they took plenty of food with them. Each evening they camped. The horses were

unhitched, a fire was made on the ground, coffee was brewed and wild meat broiled over the fire. Meat was plentiful and free, for there was no law forbidding the use of the forest and its treasures.

There were also adventures -- peaceful ones. One night they were awakened suddenly by the shaking of the wagon. At first they thought it was an earthquake but discovered that wildhogs were rubbing against the wagon and threatening to upset it. On another occasion they encountered a terrific storm but it was daylight and the storm soon passed. In that region there is tropical heat in the summer but no ice or snow in winter, only a wet season of several weeks.

Hermannsburg

The little caravan finally reached the valley. They first lived in a small log cabin until the big new house, already being built on top of the hill, sould be finished. Building naturally proceeds more slowly than in Europe because materials and workmen can be secured only with difficulty. Farmers of the neighborhood helped and could be assured that they would be repaid in like manner.

In the low place where the log cabin stood, the air was humid and unhealthy, so that the young wife became very ill with malaria. Other dangers threatened, especially snakes and poisonous plants. One day when the sick Nanny was alone at home, lying helpless on her bed, she saw a large rattlesnake on the rafter of the cabin. The snake came at regular intervals to feed a nest of young snakes. John came at the right time, seized his gun and fired a load of shot into the snake's speckled body so that it fell dead from the rafter.

Finally the beautiful new house was finished and they moved in. They gave the name of Hermannsburg to their property. Much later the Americans named the site Dutch Mills, meaning German Mills. Most Americans called all Germans Dutch. We seldom heard the word German.

John then built a mill, which was at first driven by water power. The water had to be brought a considerable distance through a flume of hollowed-out logs. Water power was later replaced by steam but the boiler and other machinery had to be brought from the East.

The work in the open, while tending his crops and while building the house and the mill, pleased John so much that he wrote to his worrying mother in Germany: "Now I am a human being. I cannot describe how happy I am."

Time passed. John's brother Fritz complained of the hard times in Germany and thought he could better himself as merchant if he emigrated to America. So John wrote to him, inviting him to come to Hermannsburg where a store was needed. He advised him that the ocean voyage would take from six to eight weeks, hence he must supply himself with coffee, sugar, dried meat, a pillow and a blanket.

Father Hermann, druggist in Mannheim, had meanwhile retired and lived in Heidelberg, where he died. The Mother Hermann could hardly bear to see a second son depart for America. Fritz arrived in Hermannsburg on 28 April, 1853 -- I was exactly two days old! The grandmother in Heidelberg was anxious to know about all of us, so my Uncle Fritz placed my hand on a sheet of paper and traced the outline of my hand, so that my grandmother would have proof of her first grandchild.

Grandfather W lhelm Wilhelmi

When I was about six months old, our dear grandfather Wilhelmi came from Missouri. His wife had died. Because he had been a preacher in Germany (24 years in Stebbach and later in Bauschlott), he baptized me. Two years later (1855) my sister Minna was born, then brother Wilhelm (1856) and Julia Amalia (1857).

We grew and prospered. Grandpa was a busy little man. He worked in the garden or fields, just as he pleased. He cultivated the rose bushes and fruit trees and took care of the bee-hives, as if he had never done anything else. His image is still so clear to me. I cansee him with his red cheeks and snow-white hair, lost in thought. Wearing his red-trimmed robe, with his long pipe that he lit with tinder and on which he puffed constantly, even when the fire had gone out, he would seat himself at the window, after a hard day's work. We children would gather around him and he would tell us the most beautiful fairy tales. In addition to Red Riding Hood he would tell us the most fantastic stories of his own invention and the bigger our eyes became, the greater his flights of fancy. We liked especially the story of the "Half Chicken" who went traveling and conquered every obstacle -- if he couldn't fly over a creek, he drank it up, and when the barn in which he was camping caught fire, he put out the fire with the water he had drunk from the creek. When we shuddered or screamed in excitement he would tell us to hush and promised to continue his stories. I was the most insistent that he tell us a story, so he nicknamed me "Tell us something." And when I kept clamoring for more stories, he said: "Now, there was once a shepherd who had many sheep and a fine dog. One day they had to cross a pond on a narrow board and the sheep could only cross one at a time. That took a long time and it was tomorrow before they arrived on the other side of the pond. So I cannot tell you the rest of the story today."

Birds and Animals, Flowers and Trees

The plant and animal world were magnificent in their beauty and in their danger. The danger gave them a special attraction forus children. We were not too closely watched and could wander around the farm as we plased, as long as we were not naughty or disobedient. We did not call for help when we saw a snake but crushed the snake's head with a rock.

In the garden were lovely flowers, from which Grandfather's bees gathered honey and carried it to the hives. And what a treat when the comb filled with honey painted our faces with luscious sweetness.

The juice of the cane looked a lot like honey and when it came from the press we imagined it would taste just as good as honey. I once filled myself with its sweetness, after having been warned, and after that one experience I never again ate cane juice.

We also had sweet potatoes, long and reddish. They tasted like almonds, both when raw and when cooked. Alongside the melons, squash and sweet potatoes, there grew Spanish peppers, asscarlet fruit about 6 to 8 inches in length.

The flowers in the garden were unusually fragrant. From the roses to the most ordinary flowers they would be swarmed with bees and the loveliest of birds, the humming bird, who would sink their long bills into the bloom while their wings vibrated at such speed that we could hardly see the color of the bird.

Another interesting bird was the whippoorwill, the American Nightingale, whose melodious call "Whi-poorwill" sounded in early evening. The name comes from the days of slavery and translated means "Peitsche den armen Will!" -- "Whippoor Will."

There is no twilight, even as there is no Spring. The star-lit heaveens defy description. Lightning bugs also illuminate the night.

A row of peach trees ran along the edge of the garden. When the big juicy fruit did not drop fast enough, we children would climb up into the trees and make a meal - breakfast, dinner or supper - of peaches.

When we wanted eggs, we hunted in the bushes, for the chickens there were not cooped up or fed. They find plenty of feed outside and have only a little roof in the yard for refuge at night and from rain and thunderstorms.

The cows also were driven out in the pasture and returned each evening by themselves to the barn. We drank the milk raw, fresh from the cow. My sister Minna, the boldest of all of us children, even dared to lie under the cow and suck the milk. We also had goats. Animals that were to be slaughtered were shot.

An edible animal is the turtle, which makes very tasty soup. The turtle's shell is as large as a dough-pan. The shells were used as work baskets.

An especially beautiful tree is the hickory, of which there were a great number on our farm. The wood is pliable and we liked to climb up into the hickory trees. Once Minna climbed into the very top of a hickory tree and swung back and forth so that it looked as if a storm were raging in the branches. In the midst of her swinging, our Mother appeared on the scene. Although frightened, she remained quiet so as not to frighten the child, and ordered her to climb down. Minna came down, not suspecting anything, but as soon as she felt solid ground beneath her feet she also felt the solid hand of her Mother on her tree-happy bottom (baumlustigen Sitzteil)!
We were seldom spanked and then only by our Mother or Grandfather -- usually for damaging young fruit trees or something like that.

Incidentally, it may be told that American women of the West -- the genuine Yankeedoodles -- have an "elegant" custom. They take the tender shoots of the hickory, cut them into the length of a cigaret, and chew one end into a brush-like point. Charcoal and salt are ground together and carried in a small box. The chewed wood is then dipped in the black powder, rubbed on the teeth and cached in the cheek. Now and then they bite off the end, chew it again, spit, and continue. In the meantime they can put on an impressive appearance.

There were no grapes, except a variety that grows wild, climbs up on oak trees, and has small blue-black berries in big bunches. Their taste is sour-sweet.

Mother Nanny

Household management on a farm is naturally not comparable with the so-called "managed" European system; and those who managed households in Hermannsburg considered their important duties from an idealistic standpoint. Her most precious possession was her children, and she worked day and night not only for our physical needs but she taught us German, reading and writing, taught us to pray and told us the Bible stories. She often said that her favorite Bible passage was the Sermon on the Mount. In her German hymn-book she had marked her favorite songs. And on the white pages of that book she entered the birthdays of her children.

Mother did not have to work in the garden. But it was necessary for her to make the sausage at slaughtering time, and she was most successful in producing a large quantity of tasty sausage.

She also made our candles. She would take several tin tubes about the thickness of a cnadle, put in a cotton wick, pour in the melted fat, and when it had cooled, we had a light. There was no other means of illumination. But the nights were not long and people had time for their day's work.

In the meantime our Uncle Fritz had opened a store in the middle of our valley. From time to time he would travel to St.Louis, Missouri, and purchase his wares. I always ordered candy but seldom saw any. On the opposite side of the valley, across the creek, on a neighboring hill, Uncle Fritz had built his home. His wife was Aunt Lina, sister of my Mother. She also had children, three boys, Henry, Edward and Louis, whom we put up with or feuded with, depending on how we felt. Also in the neighborhood was the home of my Mother's brother, Uncle Julius, and soon came her sister, Aunt Minna, with her husband, the Reverend Eberle, and three sons, from Germany. The Eberles eventually had eight children.

One day an unusually large box was delivered at our house. When the boards were removed, a metal case made its appearance. The space in between was filled with excelsior, straw and paper, in which were packed the most beautiful dolls and tin doll furniture -- the most beautiful toys. We had never seen anything like it. But the most important thing of all soon stood before our astonished eyes -- a piano, from Heidelberg, from Grandmother Hermann! Now our Mother gave us a piano recital. We were deliriously happy. She was an excellent teacher. While she played we learned to knit and crochet, seated beside her. When I grew tired, Mother would say "Lie down and sleep a while." And when I had rested for about an hour, the knitting came much easier. So it was with piano lessons also;I learned very easily. From Mother's later letters I learned that it was always her wish that I might continue with my music, which at that time did not seem possible. But I did, much later, reach the concert stage.

At night, after we had been tucked in bed, our Mother would play and sing. And when she thought us asleep, I would raise my head from the pillow and call out "More, more!"

Free Hours

When our Mother was sewing clothes on her Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, we children withour cousins would run to the crek for swimming. In the willow stumps along the shore lay a tangled mass of water cnakes, sunning themselves. Now and then one would stretch up a head to examine the vicinity. We were not afraid of them, for this species is not poisonous. Stark naked we ran into the water and suddenly the snakes also dived in with a loud splashing. Sister Julie cried out, "A snake, a snake!" When we examined her, we found a bloodsucker (leech) on her leg, which we soon rendered harmless.

We would hunt large, long, smooth stones on the banks of the creek, for which we made doll dresses. What a wonderful world of fantasy they evoked!

If the boys were naughty, I, as the oldes, would scold them. They would then tease me by calling me "the Baptized", for I was the only one who had been baptized. At that time there was no church inthe neighborhood, but later my brothers and sisters were also baptized.

My most precious possession was a pony, but I was seldom permitted to ride it, only when we made family excursions, as for example to the Freyschlag farm. There lived a family with many children, in a beautiful house with a large veranda which was surrounded by cane.

Indians

The Indians in that area were Sioux, Cherokees, and Blackfoot. We children seldom saw them. They transacted their business with our Father and Uncle. Father got along very well with them, since he had shown them many kindnesses by furnishing them with flour and other foodstuffs. They spoke English with him, something they ordinarily did not like to do. The speech of the Sioux is unusual; all that I remember are the Sioux numerals from one to six; sago, tale, soe, nake, hiske, sudderle. The Indians made their living by hunting and each year would go to the fur market in St. Louis where they would sell the pelts of beavers and other animals.

My Father was the doer of good deeds in that entire region. He was known far and wide as "Doktor Alles" (Doctor ofEverything).If someone was sick, he was summoned. If the cow did not give milk or if the clock stopped, Dr. Everything could help. Whenever he found a sick or helpless man on the road, he would take him home, give him nourishment and medicine and sometimes nurse him for weeks. And it occasionally happened that the persons whom he helped would steal from him. But "giving alms never made anyone poor", and although Father was not as well off in this world's goods as Uncle Fritz, he had other rewards.

One time our Uncle Julius hired an Indian as a wood-cutter. At mealtime Uncle took the man with him to family dinner, because he enjoyed seeing the Indian's astonishment at European things in the house. Uncle's wife, Aunt Luise (nee Langfried from Heidelberg), had on this particular day prepared noodles.The Indian ate and ate until it seemed he would burst. Finally he asked what these things really were? Just for fun, Uncle told him "Those are shredded pig's intestines." The Indian pushed his plate away and could not be induced to eat anything else -- he felt bad.

Negroes

Negroes brought over from Africa were used for heavy work out-of-doors because they could stand the heat better than the whites. These Negroes were bought and sold, their families torn apart, and they were driven with a whip to work in the cotton and cane-sugar fields. We had no such plantations in our area, and My Father fought with word and deed for the abolition of slavery.

We once took in a Negro child that had become separated from its parents when they were sold to a distant place. We had a lot of fun with the "Niggerle" because of his dumbness. He did not even know that people wore under-clothing. He wore only a shirt. When we put him in bed, he would not lie still but wrapped himself in the coverlet and cowered in a corner of the room. So he had to sleep in the kitchen. At night he would cry a lot, come to the door, knock and beg to be let in -- he was afraid. One day we asked him where his shirt was. He said he had thrown it out in the rain to wash it.

School

How often we heard about schools and how we longed for schools that were not available in Arkansas. Then it occurred to an elderly American to gather all the children in the neighborhood in a log cabin and teach them what little he knew. We begged our parents to let us attend this school and did not stop begging until they gave their consent. The man did not speak a word of German, so we had to order English reading books. The cabin was deep in the wilderness, so we had to ride there each day. An old and tame horse was found and that banished all obstacles. My cousin Otto Wilhelmi, my sister Minna and I, the three comrades under Mother's instruction, were placed on the horse, and we were on our way. A tin bucket of sour-milk, bread and cold meat in our pockets, that was our noon meal.

This place in the woods was very beautiful. A number of eager boys and girls, aged 6 to 12 and older, found themselves in one room. The boys sat on one side, the girls on the other. Names were unimportant. We soon got adquainted with the stock-Americans. We memorized, with deep sincerity, the simple verses in the reader. If we could not work the problems of if we were naughty, the teacher never punished by spanking. He made the guilty girl sit with the boys and vice versa. We would cover our face for shame.

At noon we had recess, in which we could play outdoors until the teacher pounded three times on the door, the signal for resumption of our instruction. Our noon meal we ate beside a spring, which furnished us our drinking water. The spring was shaded from the heat by a huge walnut tree whose scented leaves hung down to us. We made cup-shaped drinking vessels out of the leaves. The teacher ate under another tree some distance away. He ate eagerly and his meal was probably washed down with whisky.

Sickness and Death

When we were sick, especially with fever, we were always treated with a cold water cure. It was a sore trial to be wrapped in a wet cloth. One day this happened to me but I bit my teeth together and

suffered bravely. As soon as I was allowed to get up again, I hastened into my garden, a little plot that I was allowed to cultivate myself. Just look! in those few days the beans had come up -- the little green shoots were just out of the earth. The peas and lettuce had come up, and on the smooth earth where nothing had yet been planted, I saw to my great delight tracks like those of little angels' feet. In my happiness I wrote in my note-book: "Dear Mama, now I know why God has let my garden grow so beautifully -- because I was so brave when I was wrapped in the wet cloth."

At that time, when I was eight years old, I suffered an attack of the Egyptian eye disease and for three weeks I was totally blind. My Father did not try his medical tricks on me: lukewarm packs that were constantly changed, cleaned and healed my eyes.

Our Father pulled our first teeth. When he said: "Let me see if it is loose," we knew enough. With a skillful grasp he pulled the loose tooth. He never used force, but rather tried to convince us of the necessity of his measures.

One day I saw Aunt Luise standing in tall grass that almost hid her. A goat came running at her and butted her with his horns, so that she disappeared. I do not remember if this had anything to do with her death, but that night the dog bayed so mournfully, and on the following day our poor Aunt died. It was the first death in the family. She was buried in the forest.

The year 1860 arrived and with it the birth of the youngest brother, Oscar. But before that, Grandfather had said to our Mother: "Tomorrow afternoon at half past 3 o'clock, give the children each a piece of my biscuit and a swallow of my Malaga." This was unusual, that we dared taste Grandfather's sacred wine, for on previous occasions when he had let us "try" it, this consisted of pressing the palm of the hand against the open bottle which he turned upside down, and then licking the few drops of wine from our hand. On the following morning, he did not make his usual appearance and when we went to look for him, he was lying on the floor. A stroke had hit him and at half past 3 o'clock that afternoon he was dead. Our grief can be imagined. When our Mother said her last farewell to him, she bent over the casket and kissed him on his brow. He found his last resting place in the forest.

At about the same time our dear Mother became seriously ill, and we had to take baby Oscar to Aunt Lina to care for. And when Mother finally was able to get up and get around on crutches, a new terror struck, with the report "War has come!"

War

The Americans of the North had finally decided to force the South to free the slaves. Our German colony, with my Father at the head, stood on the side of the Northerners (Union) although surrounded by enemies. Because our enemies threatened my Father's life, President Lincoln offered to protect us Germans and permitted my Father and my Uncle to join the Northern army where they were useful in the Sanitary Commission.

We children, greatly downcast, rode to school. The pupils were all there, only the teacher was missing. When a pair of curious boys went out to see if the teacher was coming, they returned suddenly, crying "He is coming!" And he appeared, walking shakily as if he had imbibed a bit too much on hearing the war news. He sang out, "Children, children, war is coming. Hurry that you get away!" We saddled our Rosinante and from that moment school was a past experience for us.

When my Father and his brother secured a leave and wanted to see if we were still alive, they hid in a cave in our neighborhood. At night they would approach the house cautiously and knock on the door. Homesickness and fear for him pressed us more than the terror we suffered when Southerners or bushwhackers (plunderers) came and took the little that we had left. But our greatest fear was when they threatened to hang our Father.

One afternoon a band arrived and demanded a saddle. Although we told them that we did not have a saddle, they threatened us with a loaded revolver and said: "Woe to you if we find one." They took as much clothing as they could carry, but when one took Grandpa's long tobacco pipe, my Mother tore it away from him with the words: "You leave that here!" He became bolder and when he left he said: "Madam, I shall come back." From that time on, our Mother carried a deer knife under her dress and said:"Truly, I knew how to use it."

Once when a troop of Southern soldiers galloped by and saw the then 5-year-old Wilhelm on the road, one of them called: "Look here, the little Union man! Catch him!" They caught him and were amused when he fought and screamed, lifted him on a horse, and when they finally let him go, they threatened to hang his father.

Strangers told us that our Father had been wounded. They said they had seen the blood strem from his head. Later it developed that it wasn't blood they had seen but a red cloth that he had bound around his head because of an infection of his eyes. Once he was in mortal danger when a wounded soldier whom he was trying to help, continually cried: "Doctor, the world is coming to an end," and in his irrational fever clamped his hands on Father's throat. Just in tye nick of time he was freed from the crazy man's grasp.

At intervals there was peace and quiet and Aunt Lina, who, with her three boys lived with us, could return to her own home. But she had to promise our Mother that she would make a sign if danger threatened. Aunt Lina had a large sea-shell which gave an echoing sound. She was to blow this if there was danger.

Shorly after, when Mother had hardly laid down to sleep, a dozen men forced their way into the house. She quickly put on her clothes. One man, wearing a big drooping hat, sat down opposite her while the others searched the house for gold. They did not want paper money. They pulled the children out of their beds, slit open the mattresses, in short, they turned the whole house upside down. Suddenly the ugly man who was guarding my Mother, said to her in perfect German: "Madam, do not move. At the slightest sound I shall press the trigger; my revolver is loaded. But if you remain quiet, I can help you." This he said in perfect German, and continued: "I am the son of good parents, but since the war started I have been a devil. But I shall protect the Germans, for I myself am a German." At his urging, the band soon left.

When Aunt Lina heard them come, she had gone up on the porch and had blown the conch shell. We heard the long-drawn-out call for help and knew that she was in danger, but we could not help her for the storm had torn away the bridge over the creek. Aunt Lina took her St.Bernard dog into the room with her, and when the gang came, the dog arose with his clinking chain at the window. The robbers saw something glistening in the moonlight, thought it might be soldiers, and left.

Finally they broke into Uncle's store and threw all the goods that they did not want into the street, among them some white and black porcelain dolls. They forced their way into the mill but found only a sack of bran, used for cattle feed. But they were so starved that they ate it, in spite of the worms that it contained.

In our neighborhood there were several decisive battles. We saw the fleeing Indians on their horses galloping past. Their women had the children bound on their backs.

Then came the seizure of our home for officers' quarters -- 18 officers at one time. All around us on the heights were campfires, so that it looked as if the whole forest was afire.

Flight

So the year 1862 approached its end. It was about the middle of December when my Father whispered to my Mother that we would have to flee, in order to save our lives. He told her to pack what was needed. So we began to shoot the chickens and salt them for keeping. Bread was baked to last for several weeks. And then one day a large wagon drove up to the house, covered with canvas. The beds were piled in the wagon and we children on top of them, with a strange woman in charge of us. It was the first time that we had been separated from our Mother, which was a great sacrifice on her part. But there was no other way out. Our Father was helpless with severe back pains and the baby Oscar had the measles, so our mother had to ride with them in another wagon. The journey began. At night and in fog, like feeling thieves, we left our fine estate, which shortly afterwards went up in flames. Only the piano was saved and taken to Uncle Eberle for safe-keeping.

Just as ten years before the young couple had arrived in Arkansas in one wagon, so they now left this little spot of earth that had been their paradise. Through empty fields where far and wide not a house was to be seen, through prairies of tall grass, through forests with trackless brush we traveled on. On Christmas Eve we arrived in a field where shortly before a battle had taken place. Homesickness drove me to my Mother. With a simple "Everything has to have an end", she consoled me.A campfire was lit and Mama kneaded a dough of water and meal and baked flat cakes. Those were our Christmas goodies. That night we slept in the ruins of a burned house whose owner had fled. Before we went to bed our Father took us outside, pointed at the star-lit heavens, and said, almost weeping: "Those are your Christmas lights."

In Washington, Missouri

After four weeks we arrived in the lovely little town of Washington, where we were greeted by Uncle Franz, my Mother's brother, and his wife, our Aunt Alwine. Uncle Franz was an officer in the Northern army and so we had excellent protection. Shortly after our arrival we all

became ill as a result of the trip. Our Mother nursed us through the measles. Near the end of April she herself became ill and had to go to bed. She wanted our Father to be her doctor but he thought the responsibility too great and also there were graduate physicians in that community. So two doctors were called in but she became weaker and weaker. On the eighth day she asked me to stay at her side because she was feeling so bad. I did not think it was so serious and in my childish carefree way I went into the garden. That night -- I slept in the adjoining room -- I heard her heavy breathing. I remembered that my Mother had taught me to pray, so I began the Lord's Prayer. When I reached "Thy will be done", I could not continue. I thought how can I be willing for my Mother to die? I fell asleep. When I awoke I knew that we were to lose more than gold and property. Our mother, breathing heavily and deathly pale, said to Father: "Give me my diary -- and you write the ending." She meant the diary in the form of letters to her sisters living in Germany. The diary is still in existence. Those were her last words. The calendar showed 30 April, 1862.

My Father took each of us in his arms, wept in his agony, and said: "You no longer have a Mother." We were all there when she was laid to rest in a real cemetery."

Then our Aunt Lina took us to her home, adding us to her three children. There was almost no room in the house, so she sent us to school in the daytime. We were glad to go to school. A German teacher took us under his command. The boys here were lazier and naughtier than in Arkansas. During recess they jumped out of the windows and carried on all sorts of mischief. Punishment was the same as in Arkansaw. Except for that, I have no memories, either of the school or of life in that community. Everything was without savor.

At this sorrowful time there arrived a letter from Aunt Amalie, the childless sister of my Father in Mannheim. This letter was to change everything. She had received the letter with the news of Mother's death and wrote immediately that my Father should bring his five motherless children to her -- she would be their mother.

Trip on the Steamship "Hammonia"

So we got ready for the trip to Europe. We had a railroad trip of several days to survive before we reached the ocean. My Father made me responsible for my younger brothers and sisters and if he had to leave us for even a minute he would put me in the middle of the group and have me hold on to each one's clothing. We were not frightened by the locomotive, although it was an unknown monster to us, and we were very happy to climb aboard the steamship in New York harbor.

Naturally we refugees attracted much interest, because everyone on the ship soon knew of the war-time tragedy that had befallen us. The cabin in which we slept had four beds, two below and two above. On one side of the room, my Father and Wilhelm slept in the upper bunk, and Oscar and Julchen below. On the other side, at the round porthole that looked out on the sea, I slept, with Minna in the lower bed.

The arrangement pleased us so much that Minna and I, especially I, became quite bold. One evening I decided to frighten her, so I brushed my hair down over my face and hung my head down above her bed, so that my face appeared to her upside-down. The next night she got revenge by pushing me up with the whole bed.

The evenings were lovely but I had to watch Oscar. In order to get up on deck, I would draw the curtains on his bed and say, "Now, go to sleep." But he wasn't so easy to satisfy and cried: "Eli, Eli, stay with me." So I tried a trick: "Yes, I'll stay; take the corner of my apron and hold on tight." He was soon asleep, so I took off my apron, and away I went. He held the corner of the apron fast in his little hands while I could see the big beautiful ocean at night.

In Mannheim

We were welcomed in Mannheim with real joy and after the first excitement had subsided, we saw ourselves in changed circumstances and made friends with our new foster-parents.

The next thing that my poor Father did was to complete his medical education. I had always been his ambition to be a doctor, so he enrolled in the University of Heidelberg and studied there two years. Students called their 38-year-old fellow-student "Uncle" and this nickname stayed with him for many years.

He knew that he would not be allowed to practice medicine in Germany so he decided to return to America, to St.Louis, Missouri.

Meanwhile we children also entered school, this time in the Evangelical public school. Everyone had heard that the "little Americans" would enter the school and when we really showed up, there was a regular riot. All wanted to be with us during recess. They finally got used to us and to the fact that we weren't coal-black as they had thought.

The teacher had an instrument that I had not seen before -- a switch which on this particular day he used on every member of the class because one pupil had been noisy. The switching did not hurt me but I was angry over what I felt was unfair treatment.

After a half year I transferred to the girls' school in the castle, where, because of my eleven years, I was immediately put into the fourth grade. I could read and write German better than the others, even though they had been in school three years.

The two years which my Father had allotted for his studies had now passed and it was necessary for him to think of his departure. He had made his reservation on a certain ship when he had a most unusual experience. He had a vivid dream that his dead wife said to him: "Don't be so hasty. He is a fool who sails in a storm." Unbelievable as it may sound, the warning was so clear and urgent that he decided to take a later ship. He had no need to regret his decision -- the first ship went down on the journey.

The parting was difficult. I was then twelve years old but my Father carried me in his arms like the other children, walked up and down the room and wept quietly. It was his parting from a child that he never again saw as a child.

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"UNCLE GUS" LEWIS TELLS OF OLD SALOON DAYS IN FAYETTEVILLE

(Editor's note: This is the second installment of the reminiscences of the late A. B. "Uncle Gus" Lewis. The typescript was supplied by Lynn L. Sharp of Beedeville, Ark., who is a grandson of A.B. Lewis. -- WJL)

By A. B. Lewis
written at Fayetteville, Oct. 27, 1919

In the year 1854 I was attending school at the Arkansas College, located on College Avenue where the Christian Church now stands. Rev. Robert Graham was the president.

There were two chartered colleges in this state at that time -- the Cumberland Presbyterian College at Cane Hill and Arkansas College at Fayetteville. They were fine schools, the best west of the Mississippi River at that time.

President Graham was a fine and brilliant orator. He had few equals and was master of his profession. As these colleges were private institutions, all students paid matriculation fees. There were also two female colleges in Fayetteville. These schools educated young men and women from all over this state, Oklahoma, Missouri and Louisiana.

At this date (1854) the town had about eight hundred inhabitants, three churches, as good lawyers as any part of the state, and also splendid physicians. Yet the town had no city government, was subject to county control, and was just a burg entered by two cross-roads, from the southwest to the northeast and from the northwest to the southeast, crossing in the public square.

For ten years eastern Texas was being settled by people from Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. On their wagon sheets were large letters "To Texas or Bust." The ferries on the Arkansas River at Fort Smith, Van Buren, Ozark and Little Rock were like mints -- they coined money. Later on some of the same emigrants were returning with their wagon sheets marked "From Texas Busted."

Among these was one man returning with one yoke of oxen and a family, who came in from the southwest. He entered West street where the City Hospital now is, or a little north, thence east to Locust street, thence north to Center street, thence east to the Square.

He was looking for a saloon. A man by name of Tom Williford had a saloon (where Buck's Drug Store is now) in a log cabin where Billy McGarrah kept one for years but had retired. "Comet Saloon" was the sign. The stranger stopped his team at the saloon. In those days a current phrase in saloons was "How do you sell whiskey by the horn?" and "Ten cents" was the reply.

So the man entered the saloon and asked the bar-keeper, "How do you sell whiskey by the horn?"

"Ten cents."

"All right, in a minute."

He stepped out to his wagon and drew out a horn three feet long, crooked, about three inches at the small end, and presented it to the bar-keeper.

"I will have this filled, if you please."

The men in the saloon were so surprised that it created a commotion and hearty laughter.

Williford said, "Come, boys, my set-up. Six or eight." Then Tom says "Friend, put that under your coat,and all come and let's go to Hodges."

They went southwest across the Square to Hodges' saloon. The crowd waited outside until the man went in and brought out his horn. About twenty-five lined up along the counter with a storm of laughter and general hurrahs.

"Let's go to Jim Burns" (then where J.F. Moore's Undertaking Shop is now). They "horned" him and had a general jolly time.

The man returned to his wagon, replaced his horn, and like the wild goose, returned north to his old haunts. The man said the horn came off a four-year-old, both horns alike. The saloon men measured it and it held three quarts. The town blew the big horn for eight or ten days.

Gentle reader, you may want the facts in this case, but don't press me too close or I will call on Uncle Dan Jobe or possibly White Walker to verify this tale.

Regarding Sterling Price et al

I have read Ralph Rea's "Sterling Price." I think he went a little too far when he labelled Sterling Price "the Lee of the West."

The loss of the Missouri battles in which Price was engaged and the ultimate retreat of all Confederate forces (thus losing Missouri for the Confederacy) was the result of bickering between the Confederate Generals, who apparently were never able to agree on just who was in command.

This condition, however, was not peculiar to the Western theater of operations. You will recall that General Longstreet sulked in his tent at Gettysburg and failed to obey (promptly) the orders of General Lee. Also at Gettysburg, J.E.B.Stuart was "out of pocket" during the entire battle on one of his displays of exhibitionism (riding completely around the Union army), thus depriving Lee of his cavalry which, in those days, was the eyes of the Commanding General.

You will also recall that the Confederate forces under Albert Sidney Johnston had the Yankees licked and in rout at Shiloh when he, Johnston, was killed. This seemed to demoralize the Confederate officers (including his successor) and the advantage gained was not pursued.

There are many instances of this nature in the detailed history of Civil War battles. Even Stonewall Jackson, who operated brilliantly when on his own, was a mediocre commander when he was required to take orders from a superior. The failure to establish a unified command and instill discipline in the officer corps of the Confederacy must be laid at the door of President Davis who, being a West Pointer, should have known better.

Jack Greathouse (Captain USA Ret.)
Route 3, Fayetteville, Ark.

SNOW BATTLE in FAYETTEVILLE, JANUARY 1862

(Editor's note: In January 1862, when McCulloch's Confederate army was encamped in Fayetteville, occupying the building and grounds of Arkansas College (from present Spring street to East Dickson), a heavy snowstorm stopped all military drill. Since most of the soldiers were from Louisiana and Texas, the snow was an unusual experience and resulted in numerous snowball fights. Tunnard's history of the 3rd Louisiana Regiment contains an account of the snow frolic, as does the Feb. 4, 1862 issue of The War Bulletin, a Confederate army newspaper written and printed in the court house in Fayetteville by Major John Henry Brown of General McCulloch's staff. A similar snowball fight occurred in the Confederate camp at Mt. Comfort, 3 miles northwest of Fayetteville, where there was a Confederate hospital in the brick building of Ozark Institute. Five weeks later, these snow fighters were engaged in a more deadly fight -- the battle at Pea Ridge on March 7-8. Following is the account of the snow battles as reported in The War Bulletin, photostatic copies of which are in our files. - WJL)

THE WAR BULLETIN, Fayetteville, Ark., CSA
Feb. 4, 1862 - Issued by (Major) John Henry Brown

SNOW, and something else. - On Tuesday night, January 28-9, there fell a heavy rain; then fell snow to the depth of one foot. Wednesday morning presents to some of the Louisiana and Texas boys a cene, the likes whereof they had never witnessed, grand and beautiful -symbolic of the purity in that other clime, wherein neither Lincolns, Sewards, infidel Yankees nor Missouri tories may enter -- never!

The Louisiana companies of Capts. Brusle (Bru-lay, reader!) and Viglini, (Vig-le-ne, if you please!) who garrison this goodly town, turned everything upside down -- excepting ladies and houses. Strategically thrown into every nook and corner, there commenced early in the day and continued until eve, an indiscriminate assault upon every thing of the genus homo -- again excepting ladies, whom Southern boys never assault; peaceable and unsuspecting men, "iligant jintilmen", were rapidly seized and, without judge or jury, or a moment allowed in which to write "swate farewell" to mother, sister, wife or sweetheart, plunged down, down, and still farther down into the bowels of the cold and pitiless snow! with 25, 30, and sometimes 50 of the assilants heaving, pitching, pawing, scraping and kicking more snow "on to "each of the aforesaid members of the human family. They fell faster than Yankees at Leesburg. And, to add to the terrors of the scene, such yellin' and whoopin' and burstin' o' throats, were never heard this side of the masterly Yankee advance upon Washington from Manassah.

Colonels, lieutenant colonels, majors, captains, privates, merchants, doctors, lawyers, clerks, young, middle-aged, all, all, fell sooner or later. Col. Hebert was seized in the "Butterfield" and led forth; but, being indisposed, (of course he was,) capitulated; the boys went in, smiled, and sought other subjects. As we beheld, from the courthouse window, our gallant friend, Major Montgomery, led forth and plunged into that icy sea, a shudder came over us, and we involuntarily exclaimed "Farewell, Brother Crafford."

Kurnel Rennick, one of the most modest and unsuspecting young men in the service, accompanied by his friend, John Young, came through the

square in a jumper, drawn by his favorite Skewbald. Poor Young was seized and went under; but the Kurnel and Skewbald escaped--only however, to be caught at the next corner. He was dragged from his seat and conducted, 'mid exultant shouts, to the sacrifice. As he descended into the awful abyss, in accents of despair, said he -- "Boys, take care! 'Vengeance is mine' saith the Lord! Miller! Be a friend to Skewbald!---Farewell, Eli--no Su-Su-San" --the sentence was cut short by his disappearance below. A deep moan issued from a venerable old man in the crowd, his remulous voice remarking in deep sadness--"Unfortunate Rennick! I knew him from a yearling, in Frankfort, Kentucky; his father was a mighty good man, and John, before he got to be Kurnel and entered public life, was a promising boy---I never heard anything agin him in particular, only he naturally couldn't help stealin' peaches and water millions -- but then, even old Ben Hardin, in his biggest glory, would do that---ah! me! I used to do it myself---in fact, it's been a Kaintucky complaint as long as I kin recollect."

Lieut. Col. Griffiths, of Arkansas, and Forage Master Jacobs, each constituting himself a squadron of cavalry, came nobly to the rescue, charging through the lines of the assailants, amid showers of balls, with headlong impetuosity. Jacobs' hat was shot from his head by a six pound ball; but, nothing daunted, they reformed "by twos" and broke the enemy's lines again and again. Sturgis' charge and counter charge through Rieff's deserted company, at Dug Spring, was thrown in the shade---nothing in the annals of war remains to dispute their claims to immortality, excepting the charge of Alverado, with 60 horse upon 30,000 in the most terrible battle of Hernando Cortez with the Aztecs, ---Murat, at Marengo and Austerlitz must take a back seat--and, fortunately for Jacobean and Griffeinian fame, Ney had no cavalry at the Borodino. But time, numbers and perseverance at last prevailed. The last we saw of Jacobs was his boots, just as they sank below the surface; while the herculean Griffiths long struggled, hand to hand, with some 30 of the enemy,till a little Creole crawled under and seized his ankles--- down went head, up flew a pair of boots---a moment more and all was over--- i.e. about two tons of snow was over all that was left of Col. Griffiths.

But we have not space to dwell. We cannot detail the "death, burial and resurrection" of Captains Gilmore, Swaggerty, Brusle, Viglini, Sawyer--- Lieuts. Garden, Hyams, Alf Davis, Kimmel---Major Matheson, Col. McRae, and a host of gallant spirits and good citizens who went under that day;---nor how Major Whitfield feigned rheumatism, and Major Trevis a vaccinated arm, and were spared --- neither how Provost Marshal Tunnard thought they wouldn't do him so, but was mistaken;---nor yet, how Major Bradfute struck a bee-line for Fort Reagan, but, alas, bragged too soon, and was duly submerged by the artillery boys. All in all, it was a grand and mirthful day, in which all things risible were exercised to soreness. The ladies, from their windows and porches, were often admiring and applauding auditors.

N.B. For the best and most honorable reasons, "the subscriber", of the Bulletin, was postponed. Thank you, boys!

P.S. Capt. Province was not neglected---he went in.

From The War Bulletin,
February 4, 1862

LATER---A SERIOUS AFFAIR

We regret to learn that a serious altercation occurred at Mount Comfort, connected with the snow mania, between Dr. Russell, assistant Surgeon at that Hospital, and William M. Goat, Esq., an old citizen. Russell, it seems, perpetrated some little joke, with snow, upon Mr. Goat, to which the latter took exceptions, and attacked the Dr. with great violence and anger, prostrating him several times and bursting a bottle of highly-prized anti-scorbutic liquified medicine in his great-coat pocket---a serious loss at this time. The Dr., though far inferior in physical ability, fought with the courage of desperation against a powerful and enraged for. After a prolonged struggle, Capt. Swaggerty came up and separated the infuriated combatants, doubtless preventing fatal results. The Dr., we rejoice to learn, was able to ride out on Saturday. Mr. Goat, we apprehend,not belonging to the army will be tried by the civil authorities, for which reason we forbear further comment.

P.S. The letter "M" in Mr.Goat's middle name stands for "Maltese!"

Census Requests

Because of frequent requests for names on our county's earliest census reports, we will publish in our next issue (July 1960) the Sheriff's Census of 1829 -- the first census ever taken in Washington County -- and the US Census of 1830. Later census reports are available on microfilm in the University of Arkansas Library.

"Lovely's Purchase and Lovely County"

Some of our WCHS members will be interested in an article on Lovely County in the current (Spring 1960) issue of the Arkansas Historical Quarterly. The article is by Mrs.Ina Gabler of Rector, Ark. Entitled "Lovely's Purchase and Lovely County," it is based chiefly on the "US Territorial Papers" and on Foreman's "Indians and Pioneers." Much source material has been overlooked, especially William Lovely's own personal correspondence and the records of white families who settled in the "Purchase" before it became Lovely County.

The big mystery about Lovely County is -- What became of the records of this short-lived county (1827-1828)? The legislative act that abolished Lovely County and created Washington County ordered the records turned over to Washington County but there are none in the court house at Fayetteville. In fact, the only Lovely County official document that I have ever seen is a deed recorded in the Pope County courthouse at Russellville. The article in the Quarterly identifies William Lovely as "Indian Agent in Missouri", whereas he actually lived near what is now Russellville, Ark., and his letters are dated "Arkansas."

Mrs.Gabler is working on her Ph.D. from the University of Chicago -- which accounts for the numerous "ibids" in her footnotes. She deserves credit for her three original maps, showing 1) Lovely's Purchase, 2) Lovely County, and 3) Lovely County superimposed on the present Arkansas and Oklahoma counties. -- WJL

Flashback to 1871

(From The Fayetteville Democrat, Vol.IV No.13, Oct.28, 1871)

Fayetteville is one of the most important points in the state of Arkansas. It is directly on the great thoroughfare of travel between the terminus of the South Pacific Railroad on the east, and Texas. It has built up an extensive business, and contains some of the finest business houses in the southwest. The town has a population of 1,500. It is so situated that it must necessarily be on the line of three different railroads, all of which are chartered, and two of which will be finished within a very few years, when the town will take its place in the van of interior cities.

Fayetteville is 50 miles from Neosho, Missouri, which is the present terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and is 50 miles from Van Buren and 55 miles from Fort Smith, on the Arkansas river. A daily line of four horse coaches, running from Neosho to Fort Smith, at the latter place connecting with stages for Texas, pass through the town, giving the inhabitants a daily mail, furnishing them with news but 24 hours later than it is received in the largest cities. Its location is very favorable for healthfulness, having no swamps or wet lands in its vicinity to produce a malarious atmosphere, while the water drawn from its wells is clear and free from any injurious elements. The place is 1350 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, being 890 feet higher than Fort Smith, and 1040 feet higher than Little Rock, and is one of the most desirable summer residences in the world. The temperature seldom reaches 90 degrees, and never has been known to reach 100. The nights are cool and refreshing, while a mountain breeze renders the days, even in midsummer, pleasant and agreeable.

The society of Fayetteville, for intelligence and refinement, will compare favorably with that of any place of its size north or south, While its educational facilities will soon be unsurpassed by any place in the State. The Public Schools are in successful operation, while the Ozark Institute, a flourishing school, located just north of, and Professor Looney's Academy in the city, furnish an opportunity for those more advanced, or who prefer private to public schools.

Upon the whole, we have every reason to believe that Fayetteville, owing to its natural location, its healthfulness, its social and business advantages, its climate, &c., is one of the most desirable places to start business, or transfer business to, in the southwest.

News Briefs of 1871

The News has called a Convention of the Republicans of this city, at the Court House this evening, for the purpose of nominating candidates for town officers. The News is in favor of a straight-out Republican ticket.

Dr.F.Massie offers his services to the citizens of Shiloh and vicinity. Calls promptly obeyed at all hours day or night. Charges moderate.

1000 Bushels of superior Coal for sale, as fine as any in the County. 40 cts per Bushel at Shepherd's Coal Bank, five miles northeast of Fayetteville.

THREE LETTERS

from the Society's Manuscript Collection

Washington County, Arkansas July the 6th 1866

Dear Brother As I have an opportunity of sending a letter into the neighborhood where I suppose you are living I will try to rite a few lines to let you know how we are all getting along. We are all well at this time hopeing when these few lines comes to hand will find you enjoying the same blessings.

Well I will commence where I left you well you know I was sick well I got worse and had to be hauld three days, as we come down fush Isaac and Leesel went by your place and found two bee trees over by the fishing hole they had pushed one down and got the honey. We marched on finely to Fort Smith the feds seemed glad to see us they furnished us transportation to Fayetteville. When we got to town we found pap very low with consumption and mother in bad health.

We moved pap out home on the 16th of June and he died on the 26th of June he never talked much after we got home we got home on the 12th. Some think that the wounds killed pap but I think it was the consumption. Mother fatigued herself so much waiting on pap that she was not able to sit up all day at a time as long as she lived.. she lived till the 30th of January she died with the consumption

Mother talked about you often and wished she could see you papa and mother saw a great deal of trouble Louvisa was engaged to a fed sergeant long before we came home they were maried on the 8th of August. She maried a man by the name Rose he was from Carl County he is industrious good looking and a clever fellow. I and Louisa and Monroe and Kate are living on the old place we have 12 acres in corn ½ acre in tobacco 11 acres wheat though our wheat is not good. we have 1 acre sugar corn 3 acres in hungarian 4 milch cows 1 three legged mule and 1 old pony that will go a mile an hour.

Isaac is making a crop with parson Routh he gets ½ of what he raises teem and plow furnished to his hand. Kate is going to school to Lizzie Routh. Leesel is living with aunt betsy Mary Jane Brandon went up into Mo. with some of the federals Aunt Celia Brixey took up with some fed. Times are peaceable here feds and Rebs goes to parties and dance together we have a great many parties in this settlement and but little preaching though in other settlements they have some good revivals.

There is a nigger school going on in Fayetteville a white woman teacher. A great many of the Rebels are taking the oath a good many rebs are candidate for office and I believe will be elected.

The people live hard they have but little meat to eat but they will have plenty in another year. They have all got a start of hogs, the range is good for any kind of stock. There is but little game up here. I have killed one deer one wolf and about 16 turkeys since last fall.

Louisa has not heard from her old man in three years. There is no administater over paps estate and I dont know when there will be one. Well John there is somethings I would be glad you could know that I cant write. Come up we are all very anxious to see you one time more in the land where we have spent our hapiest days on earth. If you cant come write to us the first chance you have. I would write more but I make such a bad out I will quit.

Marshall Henry

to John B. Henry

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Notes on the above

Para. 1 -- This letter was written by Marshall Henry, who lived in the Habberton community northeast of Fayetteville, to his brother John who is believed to have gone to the Henry family's old home in Tennessee after the war.

Para. 2 -- Marshall Henry served in the Confederate army. The reference here is to his surrender at Fort Smith in 1865.

Para. 4 -- Louvisa was a sister of Marshall and John Henry. She married the "fed sergeant" after the war but had been engaged to him"long before." Note in the next paragraph that the Brandon and Brixey girls (neighbors and kin of the Henrys)also "took up" with the Feds. This suggests quite a bit of fraternizing in the closing months of the war. All three families were Confederate in sympathy.

Para. 5 -- "Parson Routh" was the Rev. B.M.Routh, well-known Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. It is interesting to note that his daughter was teaching a school right after the war, probably out on the Goshen Road.

Para. 6 -- The "nigger school" was the Henderson school. The brick building is now (1960) a part of the Jack Reed home on Olive street. The "white woman teacher" was Clara Henderson, the daughter of E. E. Henderson, the school superintendent. (See FLASHBACK, May 1954)

Letter No. 2
(next page)

This letter was written by M. LaRue Harrison, Colonel of the First Arkansas Cavalry USA in the late war, to Colonel T.J.Hunt of Fayetteville. Hunt had served with Harrison throughout the war. Both men were active in Republican party affairs in northwest Arkansa during the Reconstruction period. Hunt was collector of internal revenue by appointment of President Grant. Harrison was probably in Washington on political business when he wrote the following letter. He was later named to an administrative position in the US Post Office Department in Washington.

(Letter head printed in red and blue)

NATIONAL GUARD, ARKANSAS
Third District Council Chamber
Fort Smith, Arkansas

(Fort Smith struck out and "Washington,D.C." inserted, as follows:)

Washington, D.C., Oct. 29, 1871

Confidential
Dear Col.:

I received last evening letters from Winans, Rhodes, and Torrance, all complaining that I had made a mistake in committting the organization of the National Guard in the Eastern Counties to John Caldwell.

When John went to Little Rock, Rice took a favorable impression of him and I sustained it so that Rice wished me to put John forward and I have done exactly as requested but at the same time I assume all responsibility as I told Rice that we could not get a better man and I think so still.

I gave John $20 out of my own pocket and Rice sent him $50with which to pay his expenses and he was to devote 60 days more or less as necessary this fall in organizing in Newton,Searcy, Marion, Boone, Carroll, and Madison counties -- the Commissioned officers and in giving instructions, promoting an interest and preparing the way for the next Republican campaign.

The boys say he has no energy,is not working, and has misapplied the funds, and that people (Republicans) have no confidence in him. As I gave john the same instructions I talked of to you and Cline, and have written to my brother, they may not understand it and think he is doing nothing when he is really doing enough at present.

We must have harmony or we will have failure. Personal prejudices must give way to party success. It is only a little while since John went to Little Rock and to Fayetteville with the full approval of these Boys and of Boone Co. Republicans, and I don't understand why they go back on him now. If he is doing nothing and misapplying money, of course we must lose confidence in him, but I have known John a long while and can hardly believe that he would betray a trust.

John is one of your old soldiers. You have known him from a child. I wish you would go over to Huntsville and see him and go to Harrison and see all the others and put things straight. Rice depends on you and so do I, to look after these things and all appearances of disharmony must be crushed in the bud. If John can't do our work, some one else must go at once, as the enemy labors while we sleep and we have not a moment's time to lose.

I want a full report sent to the Dist. Council of John's work and the prospects. I wrote a long letter to Torrance today urging harmony and union, and saying he may have misunderstood Caldwell. Don't say anything of this letter but drop in on the boys as by accident and smooth down the bristles and get them to lock hands and go to work. If John works as I believe he will, he can do more good in those counties than any new settler.

I have to be in Lawrence Co., Mo. on the 6th of Nov. and will try and get time to see you before the end of that month.

I told Rice all you wished. He will be glad to hear from you at all times, and you can write as you please and trust him.

Don't fail to put things right.

Ever your friend,
M. LARUE HARRISON

Regards to Springer & Butler

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Letter No. 3

An interesting letter from the publisher of the Huntsville Democrat to Thos. J. Hunt, head of the Republican party in northwest Arkansas.

MADISON COUNTY DEMOCRAT
Blakey & Hawn, publishers

Huntsville, Ark., April 2, 1897

Col. T. J. Hunt,
Fayetteville, Ark.
Dear Sir:

Yours of the 1st received. The article to which you refer was written by me for the Madison County Democrat and was intended purely as a piece of partisan sarcasm at the expense of the craving for federal pie. You must remember, Colonel, that I am now editing a Democratic newspaper and it is natural that I should be considerable of a fault-finder in my remarks concerning those who belong to the "enemy", and particularly when they are prominent in its ranks. Sometimes, to be sure, we put a littl more ginger into our productions than the case warrants, but there is a sort of license in the field of politics that often exaggerates our idea of liberty and we say things that may not be in strict harmony with the exact facts. Surely, so far as I am personally concerned, there was no intention to do you any injury, either politically or otherwise. You are on the other side of the fence and I thought I saw an opportunity to hold you up as an example of Republican rapacity for office. It was not my purpose to wound your feelings, for I have always held you in friendly esteem, and your expressions of friendship for me are appreciated and fully reciprocated.

I have had no communication with Mr. Brooks or the Review or any other source in Fayetteville in regard to this matter. My information was based upon fragments of idle local rumor picked up from Republican talk here. The facts which you give me put a different face on the affair and I will take pleasure in writing an article inthe next issue of the Democrat which will present the matter in a light more favorable to you. No one shall know that you have written me, and in the article which I shall write I will handle the subject in such a way as not to indicate that I am doing it at your request or that I have received any information from you on the subject.

Hoping this will be entirely satisfactory, I am,
Yours Truly,
G. D. BLAKEY

THE HOLMSLEY FAMILY
of washington County, Arkansas

by W. J. Lemke

Ever since I first saw the name Holmesley on our county's earliest census records (Sheriff's Census of 1829 and Federal Census of 1830) I have had curiosity about this family. I knew that they were among the first comers to Washington County, that they stopped briefly at Cane Hill, then moved on to the Richland area and across the line into what is now Madison County. But there was very little information about the Holmesleys. Yet the county's first census,taken by Sheriff Lewis Evans in 1829, lists three Holmesleys as "heads of family."

So it was a pleasant surprise to learn that a great-granddaughter of Washington County's first Holmesley has recently published the "Historical Record of the Holmsley Family." She is Carrie Holmesley Cunningham of Amarillo,Texas. This attractive bound book shows much care and patience in research. Descendants are scattered all over the United States. Included are many Washington County names: Lollar, Mhoon, Roberts, Calico, Holland, Thomas, Springston, King, Ballard, Buchanan, Henbest, Sizemore, Rogers, Smith, Kirksey, Culwell, Foster, Shumate, Spencer, Faulkner and others. Most of these are from the eastern part of Washington County and from Madison County.

The Holmesleys listed in the first census of Washington County(1829) are John R. Holmesley and his sons, James and Stephen. His other two sons, Burrell and Levi, may have been here also, but were not married and so did not qualify as "head of family." Both John R. Holmesley and Stephen Holmesley are listed in the first U.S. Census for Washington County but James was overlooked for some reason.

According to Mrs.Cunningham's history of the family, John R. Holmesley was born 1762 in England. He married Mary James, who was born in Germany. She was a first cousin of Queen Victoria of England. The children of John R. Holmesley and Mary James were:

1. James, who married Jennie Womack and had 18 children
2. Burrell J., who married Lucinda Wagnon and had 9 children
3. Levi, who married (1) Zimarou Wagnon and (2) Aly Means
4. Stephen, who married a Miss Vaughan. They had 6 children.
5. Betsy, who married a McMasters
6. Mary, who married a Mullins
7. Katie, who married Ben Austin
8. Nancy, who married an Ernest
9. Jane, who married a Drake
10. A daughter who married a Blevins

John R. Holmesley died in 1857 and is buried in Wesley, Ark., just across the Madison County line. His wife (Mary James) died in 1860. Their oldest son (James) is also buried at Wesley, but James' wife (Jennie Womack) is buried at Mt. Olive, east of Elkins. James Homesley's children are buried at Wesley, Mt.Olive, Asher, Hindsville and other cemeteries along the Washington-Madison county line.

James Homesley's family is listed in Mrs.Cunningham's "Historical Record" as follows:

James, b. 1805; d. Sept. 15, 1881; buried Wesley, Ark. Married Jennie Womack, b. 1810; d, 1899; buried in Mt.Olive Cemetery near Elkins, Ark. This couple had 18 children. James changed family name from Holmesley to Homesley. Their children:

1. William D., Co.I, 3rd Ark. Cav, Col.Abraham H. Ryan; enlisted Feb. 1, 1864; mustered out June 30, 1865

2. Francis M., Co.C, 4th Ark.Cav., Col.LaFayette Gregg; enlisted Sept.20, 1863; mustered out June 30, 1865

3. Marion F., Co.A, 1st Ark.Cav., Col.M.LaRue Harrison; enlisted June 25, 1862; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865

4. Randolph L., Co.A, 1st Ark.Cav., Col. M.LaRue Harrison; enlisted June 25, 1862; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865

5. Sidney E., Co.A, 1st Ark.Cav., Col.M.LaRue Harrison; enlisted June 25, 1862; mustered out Aug. 23, 1865

6. Elizabeth, b. Nov. 7, 1849; d. Feb. 18, 1867; buried at Wesley, Ark.

7. Sarah, b. Elkins, Ark.; married Jim Lollar who died Mar. 9, 1912. Both buried National Cemetery, Fayetteville

8. Katie, b. Oct. 15, 1851; d. Aug. I, 1927; m. 1867 to George W. Lollar (1844-1891). Both buried in Smith Cemetery, Hindsville, Ark.

9. Louisa, b. 1848; d. 1922; m. J.N.Thomas (1842-1899); both buried at Asher, Ark.

10. Jane, b. July 1851; d. July 1919; m. (1) Ridley and (2) L. R. Whitmire

11. John Buck, b. Mary 15, 1855; d. Apr. 28, 1933; m. Ellen Springston (1858-1935). Both buried Mt.Olive Cemetery, near Elkins, Ark.

12. James Walker (Dave), b. Mar. 3, 1855; d. Jan.22, 1940; m. Rebecca Jane Springston (1860-1934). Both buried Miami, Okla.

13. Viola Tranquil, b. July 15, 1853; d. Apr.24, 1949; m. William Albert Jeffers (1855-1905). She is buried at Shawnee, Okla., and he is buried Arlington, Okla.

14. Burl, b. June 12, 1859; d. 1916; m. Josie Shipman (1864-1925)

(Other four children not named)

There are some obvious errors in the foregoing list. Birth dates for Katie and Jane are both in 1851, three months apart. Birth dates for John and James are both in 1855, two months apart.

A more serious error is this paragraph at the end of the James Homesley family history: "For membership in the United Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy refer to the war record of any one of James Homesley's five sons who served in the war between the states." The five sons served in the Union army, which would hardly make their descendants eligible for Confederate organizations.

Other children and grandchildren of John R. Holmesley and Mary James Holmesley are given as follows:

Burrell J., b. Ky. Mar.6, 1807; d. 1891 in Comanche, Tex.; married Lucinda Wagnon 1832 and settled at CaneHill, Ark. Eight of their nine children were born at CaneHill. Lucinda Wagnon Holmesley was b. 1812 and died 1866 in Comanche, Tex. Both buried in Albin Cemetery. They moved from Cane Hill to Texas about 1850. Their children:

1. Julia Ann, b. 1832; d. 1886; m. Francis Marion Collier 1853 in Gatesville, Tex.

2. Thomas Jefferson, b. 1834; d. 1903; m. Elizabeth Cunningham (1839-1922) in Comanche County, Tex.

3. Amanda, b. 1836; d. 1918; m. (1) J.A.Taylor and (2) Quince Mead in Texas. Both buried in Albin Cemetery.

4. James Monroe, b. 1838; d. 1882; m. 1869 in Clifton, Tex., to Araminta Corum. Both buried in Comanche, Tex.

5. Martha Jane, b. 1841; m. (1) W.G.Parker in 1857 at Comanche, tex., m. (2) J.F.Kittle 1867; both buried in Albin Cemetery.

6. William L., b. 1843; d. 1860

7. Francis Marion, b. 1845; d. 1916; m. Lucretia Ann Mead in Anaheim, Calif. in 1872. He served in Texas state troops (Confederate) during Civil War. Practiced medicine for 38 years.

8. Burrell Sutton, b. 1849; d. 1915; m. Sarah Ellen Montgomery (1849-1895). Was farmer and stockman in Texas.

(Ninth child not named.)

Levi, b. Dec. 25, 1815, St.Louis, Mo.; d. July 18, 1880; married Zimarou Wagnon, "a French lady", Mar.17, 1839, and settled "near Fayetteville, Ark." Many of their children and grandchildren are buried at Spring Valley and Springdale. Zimarou Wagnon Holmesley died Dec. 17, 1856 and is buried in Spring Valley, Ark. On May 1, 1859 Levi Holmesley married (2) Aly Means (1834-1883). Both buried in Tempe, Ariz. Levi Holmesley and wife Aly left Fayetteville, Ark., 1875 in covered wagon, in which their seventh child was born Aug. 1, 1875, twodays before they entered Arizona.

Stephen, b. 1817; m. about 1838 a Miss Vaughan. They had 3 boys and 3 girls. Family moved to Texas.

Other daughters:
Betsy, m. a Mr.McMasters. Moved to Texas
Mary, m. a Mr.Mullins
Katie, m. Ben Austin
Nancy, m. a Mr.Ernest
Jane, m. a Mr.Drake
One daughter who m. at Mr.Blevins

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I would also question the birth date given for Stephen Holmesley. He served as Washington County election judge in July 1829 and the polls were in his home (Richland). If he was born in 1817, as stated in this genealogy, then he would have been only 12 years old in 1829.

It is interesting to note that James and Stephen and their father, John R. Holmesley,were named in our county's first census (the enumeration made by Sheriff Lewis Evans in 1829). It is probable that they were living in Cane Hill in 1829 and moved over to the Madison County line later.

Another interesting angle is that two Holmesley brothers married Lucinda and Zimarou Wagnon. The Wagnons came to Washington County at an early date, probably 1828. They came from south of the Arkansas River, then Crawford County. The relationship of Lucinda and Zimarou Wagnon is not known. The Historical Record of the Holmesley Family" says that Zimarou Wagnon was "a French lady." It is doubtful if the Wagnons were of French origin. But the Wagnon family deserves further reserach, by someone who likes a tough genealogical problem. Prof. A. S. Humphreys, our Society's genealogist for a number of years, had begun work on the Wagnons but discontinued his research when he moved away from Fayetteville.

Other things in the Holmsley family history that deserve further research are the names of the four unidentified children of James Holmsley and information about the six daughters of John R. Holmesley and the men they married. The names +- McMasters, Mullins, Austin, Ernest, Drake and Blevins -- sound like pioneer Washington County.

The author of "Historical Record of the Holmesley Family" is Mrs. Carrie Holmsley Cunningham of Amarillo, Texas. Her father, Frank M. Holmsley, was born in Cane Hill, Ark., 1845. He rode herd from Texas to California and had registered his own cattle brand when 11 years old. He graduated from Vanderbilt Medical College in 1878 and practiced medicine for 38 years.

Mrs. Cunningham, now 83, deserves great credit for the tremendous amount of research that went into her book. And for having preserved the Holmsley family history for posterity.

(Note: There are five spellings of the family name. James, son of John R.Holmesley, changed spelling to Homesley. Burrell used Holmsley. Stephen used Holmesly. Two grandsons used the spelling Homsley.)

Two Washington County Natives of 1876 in the News

In our files there is a folder containing items about one-time residents of Washington County who left to make their homes elsewhere. Some of these attained high position in other states; for example, J.M.Hoge, W.S.Oldham, J.C.Gunter, Sebron G. Sneed and his son-in-law, J.B.Costa, E.I.Stirman, and many more.

It was something of a surprise recently to receive newspaper clippings about two Washington County expatriates of whom we had never heard before -- George Wingfield of Reno and Mark VanWinkle of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Elsa Vaught sent us the Wingfield obituary from a paper dated Dec. 28, 1959. We quote:

DEATH TAKES MILLIONAIRE

Who's Who and other biographies will list the birthplace of Nevada's late George Wingfield as Fort Smith, Ark. This, however, will be just close to right, for the multi-millionaire who died Christmas Eve at Reno was born at Cincinnati, Ark., Aug. 16, 1876.

In the days before the income tax, roulette-dealing Cowboy George Wingfield vaulted up the ladder of success to become Nevada's most influential tycoon.

Among the closest friends of the late banker, hotel man, mining investor and political figure is C.R.Barry. Barry recalls that Wingfield kicked off a lot of toe-nails from Cincinnati (a tiny community in Washington County) to Greenwood, Ark., before heading west.

Raised as a cowboy around Lakeview,Ore., he hit the desert goldfields like a tornado. Under his management, Mohawk, Laguna, Atlanta, Red Top, Goldfield Mining Co. and others were consolidated with five million shares at $10 par. The combine produced five million ounces of gold and dividends ran over 30 million dollars.

George Wingfield was the son of the late Thomas Y. and Martha Matilda Wingfield. His mother was before her marriage Martha Matilda Spradling,after whom Spradling School in Reno is named. Several parks in Reno are named after Wingfield.

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The second clipping, from the Los Angeles Mirror-News, was sent us by W. J. Walker of Long Beach, who wrote: "It occurred to me that the enclosed article might be of interest to your historical society." We quote from the front-page article:

OLD MACK FINALLY GETS TIRED
OF TOSSING THOSE CANS AROUND

Old Mack VanWinkle didn't feel just right about his job any more. Some of the Zip was gone. There'd be an ache here and an ache there and -- well, there just wasn't anything to do about it but retire. And that's why one of City Hall's most unusual stories came to light today.

The city thought Mack was 60 when he applied for retirement on his birthday April 26. Actually, he was 80.

And when your job is to stand on the running board of a garbage truck all day, snatch up loaded cans from the curb,

dump them, and return the empties to the curb -- well, you begin to get a little tired at 75, anyway.

When VanWinkle went to work in 1943, he told them he was 47. When he filed for retirement, he let the cat out of the bag. He was born in Fayetteville, Ark., in 1876. As proof he submitted an extract from the Federal census of Fayetteville in 1920. It showed he'd passed his 43rd birthday then.

So, from now on, he'll get $81 a month just sittin' around, letting the young fellers under 60 hoist the garbage cans and ride on the running boards.

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This is an unusual coincidence --news about a Nevada millionaire and a California garbage collector, both of whom were born in Washington County, Ark., in 1876 - 84 years ago. Several parks in Reno are named for the one -- Wingfield. Nothing is named for the other -- VanWinkle, the garbage man. But in Washington County, Arkansas, in 1960, Wingfield is an unknown. But the VanWinkle name will live a long long time, because the VanWinkles helped build our county in the early days.

Reverend Sherman's "Funeral Notes"

"Funeral Notes" for the several hundred funerals that the late Rev. William Sherman conducted during his lifetime have been placed in the keeping of our Society by Selman Sherman. These typed notes are bound in three loose-leaf volumes and are arranged alphabetically. Thus, No. 1 is the funeral of Arvil Aaron of Elm Springs; No.214 that of C.C.Yarrington of Fayetteville. Rev.Sherman began each page with a biographical sketch of the deceased, which makes these "Notes" of considerable historical and genealogical value. They will be indexed and made available for researchers.

Worley Resigns State History Post

The resignation of Ted R. Worley as executive secretary of the Arkansas History Commission was announced in the state papers March 13. Worley had brought the state's history set-up (in the Old State House, Little Rock) to a high state of efficiency, when illness forced him to the sidelines. He organized and made available much material in the state's archives. He is a member of the WCHS and has furnished us with typescripts and photostats of many Washington County items, including the Sheriff's Census of 1829, Confederate Records, David Walker letters, assessment lists, etc. Such service is most valuable to those of us who are interested in history but do not live in Little Rock.

Worley told the Gazette that he plans to take it easy for a while and go fishing. My guess is that he would rather ramble around visiting the state's historic spots. I recall with much pleasure a trip that he and I made to the site of three former county seats of Cross County -- Wittsburg, Cleburne, VannDale.

So we thank Ted Worley for the many courtesies and excellent service he gave us while he was in charge of the History Commission offices. It's going to be hard to replace him in that job.

-- WJL

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Have just recently learned that the January issue of your magazine, FLASHBACK, contained an article about my parents, Mr.and Mrs.W.D.Swift. We are most interested in obtaining several copies for members of the family. We think it most kind of Mrs.Payne to have shown this interest and to have furnished the information. It was indeed a thoughtful gesture.

When I was a very young girl living in Lincoln, Ark., I recall my Father having made numerous trips to Fayetteville. He spoke frequently of his close friends, Vol and Wythe Walker and Judge Campbell. I suppose they have long since passed on.

Mrs. J. H. Strayhorn,
412 Park Drive, Bakersfield, Calif.

I had to get out my copy of the October FLASHBACK for a reference and I again noted that little article on George Maledon, "Prince of Hangmen." I never heard Grandpa or Grandma refer to him as a Prince. But he surely hanged them. Someone had to. He moved to Fayetteville when we were living there and I saw him several times. His boys went to the same public school I did.

I am not ready yet with my Yoes story. I'm hoping to get information on the brother who came over from the border of Holland and Germany, to start the bunch over here. I'm going to have some research done in the National Archives in Washington.

I surely enjoy FLASHBACK. Keep up the good work.

Bert C. Yoes,
Route 2, Box 36, Washougal, Wash.

Can you help me in a search for one of my ancestors, one Jacob Fisher, who, according to tradition, "drove his slaves from Missouri to Fayetteville and there gave them their freedom." This was about the year 1859. I thought that you might know of some Fisher family now living in the area, whose ancestors were early settlers and possibly related to my ancestor.

I will greatly appreciate any assistance.

Claude L. Ray,
720 No. Main St., Tulsa, Okla.

I would like to get in touch with descendants of the Jackson, Green, and Tucker families, originally of South side Virginia. The Jacksons were of Charles City, Prince George, Sussex and Brunswick counties -- may have been in New Kent. Some early Virginia family names were John, Thomas, Henry, Ephraim, Lewis, Reuben, Green and Robert. A great number from this family settled in Fayette County, Texnn., then Arkansas and Texas.

The Greens were of Charles City, Prince George, Surry and Sussex and later, surrounding counties. Some early Virginia family names were Peter, Nathaniel, Frederick, William, Lewis, Benjamin, Burwell, and James. The Tuckers were of Charles City, Prince George, Dinwiddie and Amelia counties. Many settled in North Carolina. Some early Virginia names were Joseph, Robert, William, Daniel, Colson, Stith and James.

These families married into Gilliams, Wynnes, Halls, Whitfields, Malones, Parhams, Baileys, Lucases, Ramlings,and Wilkes (and of course many more).

Mrs. A rnold Staubach
3406 Windsor Road, Austin 3, Texas

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Since writing to you in October and giving you what data I had at that time, I have been fortunate in learning more about the family. You recall that I was seeking information about my grandparents and other relatives who lived in Washington County between 1870 and 1880.

Acting on information received from a cousin who told me that his mother was born in Benton County, I searched the 1850 and 1860 census of that county and found a gold mine of information. This is what I have learned and I pass it on to you with the idea that it may be helpful in checking your files for my family names:

My great-grandfather Howard (1850 census):

Hamilton Howard, age 37, b. Tenn.
Mary " , 38, b. "
William L " , 16, b. Mo.
John N. " , 15, b. " (This is my grandfather)
D. C. " , 13, b. "
Charles M " , 11, b. Ark.
Mary " , 10, b. "
Benjamin F " , 7, b. "
Columbia S " , 5, b. "
Elisa B. " , 3, b. "

The 1860 census shows my great-grandparents on my mother's side. Walnut Township, Post Office Apple Orchard.

Robert Selvidge age 48, Tenn. Farmer
Nancy (Knox) " " 48, S.C.
James " " 22, Tenn.
John " " 19, "
William " " 17, "
Mary " " 16, "
George " " 15, "
Harlow " " 11 f "
Robert " " 10 "
Charlotte " " 8 Ark.

Also in 1860 census of Benton County I found my mother's parents shortly after they were married. Here they are:
Big Springs Township, July 30, 1860, P.O. Bloomington, Ark.

John Howard age 24 b. Mo.
Martha " 24 b. Tenn.
Robert " 2 b. Ark.

I later searched the 1870 census for them in Benton County but none of them were found, so I believe they must have sold out and moved down into Washington County much earlier than I thought.

I suppose that right after 1860 when the war broke out, these families were broken and scattered. I know that the Selvidge boys were in the war. One of them was shot by the Yankees. I don't have much on their war service but hope to dig it out some time. I have my father's record -- John Nelson Howard, private in Co.F Regts 8 and 11, Missouri Infantry Volunteers. He was a teacher before the war but a wound was so serious that he was unable to continue in his profession.

Mrs. Capitola Glazner,
200 Hawthorne, Hot Springs, Ark.

Your FLASHBACKs have been very helpful. However, there is some further data which I have been unable to secure. Perhaps some of the readers of FLASHBACK could help me.

My grandmother, Priscilla Strain, nee Mankins, was enrolled as part Cherokee Indian by the Dawes Commission, at Fort Smith. I am attempting to determine who my original Indian ancestor was. I had thought it was Peter Mankins Sr., but am not so sure. It is possible that Peter Mankins Jr. might have inherited Indian blood from his mother.

Any information anyone can furnish will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Schley Sconiers,
1224 N. 9th St., Sapulpa, Okla.

If you remember, I asked how I might find the Civil War records of my great-grandfathers Porter and Adkins. You admised me to write to the History Commission in Little Rock. I did so and today received this information. Now, how do you go about from here, to find out what battles they fought in? I am especially interested in finding out if they fought at Prairie Grove or Pea Ridge.

Mrs. J. O. Wasson,
Route 8, Fayetteville, Ark.

Since moving to Nowata I have not been well and Haven't had time to write the history of the pioneer Simpson family of Washington County that I had promised you.

My mother's only sister, Laura McCaleb, died Nov. 7, 1959. She was a daughter of Samuel King Reed and Ann (King) Reed. I saw her on her 99th birthday, Oct. 5, 1959, and took her picture on that day. I can write you a story about her, since I am her only own niece on the Reed side. If you want history, I surely do have it.

Can I have a booth at the next Prairie Grove Reunion? Am I eligible? I do textile painting. Have recently sent a set of my hand-painted aprons to the Lennin sisters of Lawrence Welk's show. Please advise.

Mrs. Clara E. Kendrick,
328 S. Locust St., Nowata, Okla.

I have attended the first two meetings of the new Civil War Round Table at Springfield, Mo. It was their intention not to have a large unwieldy group but to hold the membership down to 75. They now have that number filled -- 74 from Missouri and one from Arkansas. Some of the men here in Benton County are interested in starting a Civil War Round table for Northwest Arkansas. I will let you know.

F. P. Rose,
323 N. 3rd St., Rogers, Ark.

I have just read the January 1960 issue of "Flashback" and found it most interesting -- the notes on pages 49 to 52 in particular. I too am a descendant of Ludovic Grant, the Scotch trader, William Emory, Susannah Emory and her second husband, Capt. Richard Fields and others of these old Cherokee families. Please reserve for me a copy of "Cherokee Notes" by Carselowey.

Walter L. Hutcheson,
Box 18451, Eastwood Sta., Houston 23.

Dues enclosed. The plans for your anniversary year sound exciting. I hope we can come to one of the Civil War Centennial pilgrimages during the next few years. Best wishes to the Society.

Mrs. Marcia B. Phillips,
107 66 S.Stelling Rd., Cupertino,Calif.

Kindly help me, if you can, locate my mother's parents. Their name Peel. At one time Andrew Peel operated the postoffice in Fayetteville, Ark. My brother, Sidney Seaton, spent a year with him. They were three Peel brothers. My grandparents were plantation owners. They had three children -- my mother, Leuvonica Alace, and annt Cynthia and an uncle called "Bud", probably William. My grandmother's name Mandy Peel. She was buried in Paris, Ark. All this was told me years ago. My mother married Wm. J. Seaton whose parents lived in Grand Gulf, Miss.

I do not know the location of my grandparents' plantation in Washington County or where they were born or the dates of their death.

Thank you kindly for any help.

Mrs. Clara Seaton Losee,
1944 Los Angeles Ave.,
Berkeley 7, Calif.

$3 enclosed to renew our membership. We enjoy every issue of FLASHBACK. also, my copies get loaned out a lot. We belong to two genealogical societies out here, so know a lot of people who are hunting the elusive kinsman. Mr.C.Chambers has heard from four different relatives thanks to your printing our letter in the FLASHBACK. We are looking forward to a year of good reading and hope some of my Oldham and Sample family show up.

Mrs. John E. Reeder,
4545 Georgia St., San Diego 16

Can you tell me if Natural Dam was in Washington County 100 years ago or where I might find some records of its early inhabitants?

My interest is in my great-grandfather, Jason Franklin Fullbright. I have a letter received by him from a sister and which is dated August 23, 1853 and addressed to"Jason Fullbright Esq., Natural Dam, Ark." He married in 1848 Ann Hutchinson before moving to Arkansas. I have been told that they lived in Arkansas until the beginning of the War between the States, when he sent his family back to Georgia and enlisted in the Confederate army, but I do not know where to find proof of this. He brought his family to Missouri (Polk County) after the war where he lived until his death in 1912.

Any suggestions as to where I may find any information will be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. George D. Deck,
924 East Elm St.,
Springfield 4, Mo.

In your excellent January issue the West family is mentioned three times: -- p. 2, the West piano; p. 42 -- Miss Lizzie West; p. 4, James West. Our John West-Lavinia Howard West family came from Fayetteville to Crawford County in 1854 and we know a Leonard West taught school in Washington County.

I thought perhaps some descendant might still be in Washington County who could help us in back history of the Wests of Logan County,Ky., and Chatham County, N.C. We do not know what business John West was in in Washington County from 1832 to 1854 but he lost his money and came down here where a daughter and a son had married Stevensons. Some of the Wests were preachers and teachers.

John West had a brother Jim, whose family lived in Logan and Simpson counties, Ky. He also married a Howard. We have never been able to find out anything about the Howard family.

Mrs. T. J. Garner
Route 1, Van Buren, Ark.

I am enclosing $9 for three FLASHBACK subscriptions. I am still working away on my Cox family. I am now reading New Jersey records. There was a Cox family there, with sons Phineas, John and Phillip, the same names appearing in my family.

Miss Mary Cox, Sanderson, Texas

I am trying to research the Jordan family, Archibald Yell's second wife was Mrs. Ann Jordan Moore Yell. My great-great-grandmother was Ann Lewis Taylor who married Samuel Jordan in Mecklinburg County, Va., in 1812. Due to the similarity in names there is perhaps a possibility of a connection.

Mrs. Dee Baker,
307 W. Lynn St., Stuttgart, Ark.

I received the January issue of the Washington County Historical Society's "Flashback" and read it kiver to kiver. It makes for some of the most interesting reading I've come across in a long while. And the mimeo format is a welcome relief.

S.O'toole, Pan Press, Tahlequah, Okla.

I am working on the genealogy of my Skeen family, a branch of which appears to have settled in Washington County, Arkansas prior to 1830. My problem is this: a Jacob Skeen listed in the 1830 census of Washington County, evidently living with a son or daughter was very likely the father of my earliest known Skeen ancestor, John b 1783 Va.

Although my John lived in Indiana, one of his granddaughters married her cousin, Joseph H. Skeen, in Benton County in 1887. I think this Joseph H. was a son of Joseph b. 1817 Mo., grandson of the Jacob aged 60-70 in 1830.

The History Commission sent me the 1842 Tax List for Skeens in Washington County, which shows Jacob Skeen Sr., John, Thompson, James H. and Joseph. They said that in 1844 Jacob Skeen paid tax on the same property and in 1845 his heirs paid the tax. Since no "Sr." is appended to the 1844 and 1845 lists, this may indicate there were two Jacobs. But both had evidently died by 1850 as I find only Joseph and John (with mother Nancy aged 63, b. Ky.) with their families in the 1850 census. The County Clerk has no Skeen will records from 1830 to 1850.

Thank you for any help and advice.

Mrs. C. A. Miller,
21821 Malden St., Canoga Park, Calif.

My Arkansas mill project continues to progress. In Washington County I have already painted the Cane Hill, Rhea, Farmington, Johnson and Pyeatt-Moore mills. I need photos and information of the Deaver Mill at Elm Springs, Freyschlag (Pegram) Mill at Mt.Comfort and Hermann Mill at Dutch Mills.

Don Draper, Neosho, Mo.

I am working on a genealogy of the four sides of my family tree. This will include descendants of the Washington County families of the Shermans, the Pyatts, the Neills, and the Cannons. There is much data which I need about the present generation as well as of those who may be older. If you know of anyone who is writing or who has written an article regarding either of the families above I would like to have their names, so that I might contact them.

S. H. Sherman,
748 Oglethorpe Ave., St.Simons, Ga.

I wonder if you know someone who, for a fee, would copy for me the article that appeared in the Fayetteville paper on the 100th birthday of Mrs. Robert (Mary Angeline (Hutcheson) Schoolfield and also her death notice. There was likely a little article when she died, because she was 102 years 5 months and 27 days old. According to her death certificate, received from the Arkansas State Board of Health she was born March 1, 1829 and died August 27, 1931. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Fayetteville.

Walter L. Hutcheson,
Box 18451, Eastwood Station,
Houston 23, Texas

I need the following numbers to complete my set of FLASHBACK: Volume I, Nos. 2 and 3; Volume II, Nos. 5 and 6; Volume IV, Nos. 1 and 2; and Volume IX, Nos. 4, 5 and 6. In case you turn up any of these older numbers of FLASHBACK and if there is no prior call for them, I should very much like to have them.

Harmon L. Remmel,
Route 1, Fayetteville, Ark.

My hobby is genealogy. I am corresponding now with Mrs. Margaret Denny Dixon. She is gathering material for a history of the Bunger-Hutsinpiller family. My great-grandmother was a Bunger. She and great-grandfather B.F.Williams (Doctor) had the first postoffice atMaguire's Store in Washington County. History and genealogy go well together.

Mrs. Geo. M. Basore,
2233 Jefferson Ave., New Orleans 15, La.

I sincerely thank you for sending me the Pyeatte genealogy and the copy of FLASHBACK. Enclosed is a check for $3 to pay for a year's subscription to FLASHBACK. I am anxious to receive information on the Crawford line. Our line runs something like this:

John Crawford, b. 1775, m. Margaret Buchanan in Davidson County, Tenn. Their son, James, born 1803, married Leveca Buchanan in Washington County, Ark. Their son, Andrew Buchanan Crawford, born 1823, married Martha Pyeatt in Washington County, Ark. Martha Pyeatt was the daughter of Peter Paulas Pyeatt and Lavinia Cox. Their oldest child was Martha Cox, born 1828 around Cane Hill. She was my father's mother. Her husband, Andrew Buchanan Crawford, was killed by bushwhackers about 1864. I have the Washington County line well established but would like to know where theCrawfords came from before they reached Washington County, Ark.

Dr. J. L. Crawford,
1701 Rosario St., Laredo, Texas

I need help in tracing my Wilson ancestry. My father, Isaac Newton Wilson, was born in Monroe County, Tenn., 1848. His father was Solomon Wilson, born about 1814 in Washington County, Tenn. Solomon's father was Isaac Wilson Jr. and of course his father was Isaac Sr., of Washington County, Tenn.

Isaac Wilson Jr. had the following sons: Charles, John, George, Elijah, David and Solomon. Several of the children of these sons migrated to Kansas, Missouri, Texas and perhaps Arkansas. I would like to gather information on any descendants of the above named sons.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading FLASHBACK. It is one of the finest publications of its kind I have seen.

Mrs. J. H. Grupe,
602 - 1st St., Alvin, Texas

(Letters from Readers)

Do you have in your Civil War files a military service record for John Julius Henderson, born Nov. 16, 1836 in Fayetteville (Washington County), Arkansas, who served in the Confederate army?

After the war the subject moved to Texas. His son, John Drew Henderson, has been very helpful to our Society (Texas Permian Historical Society, Odessa, Tex.). During the years he has written his memoirs on stenographic notebooks and we have on loan two of these notebooks which we are copying for our historical collection. These memoirs contain many notes of his father, John Julius Henderson, who was born in Arkansas. There are references to other families in Washington County -- John Tilley, John Norwood, Will Crawford, John T.Crawford and Oscar Crawford.

John Julius Henderson, according to these memoirs, lost his parents ca. 1838 -- both apparently died in Washington County -- and he was raised by his older sisters, Mrs.Harriet Crawford and Mrs.John Tilley. He had a younger brother named Joe, who apparently was too young for military service but was in a guerilla force with a group of Confederate sympathizers. The son who is living here in Odessa thinks his father,John Julius Henderson, joined Hood's Brigade and fought through the War, but did not surrender, but came to Texas with the Crawford boys, Will, John T., and Oscar.

I note in "History of Arkansas" published by Goodspeed 1889 a reference to a Nathaniel Henderson who was appointed election judge of Brush Creek Township in August 1836 and I am wondering if this could be the father of John Julius Henderson.

Prior to the Civil War, John Julius Henderson and three other boys about 12 or 13 years old drove a two-horse wagon from Fayetteville, Ark. to California in 1849 and worked out mines there. This is told in the memoirs of his son.

Our Society would appreciate any information you may find on John Julius Henderson's military service record. I think the son here would be delighted if some light were shed on his father's life.

We will send the Washington County Historical Society a copy of the Henderson material pertaining to that county. We of the Texas Permian Historical Society believe that it is of utmost importance to get historical information into the area to which it pertains. Our Society is proud to have this information and even more proud to share it withyou.

Mrs. James S. Orbeck,
3620 N.Hancock, Odessa, Texas

I want to thank you for the time you took in gathering so much information for me concerning my great-grandfather and the Civil War. I did go to LittleRock and got more information at the Old State House. However, I did not find if my grandfather, W. H. Porter, fought at Pea Ridge. I feel sure that he did, since he served under General Price, with Tom Gunter as his Colonel.

Mrs. J. O. Wasson,
R. # 8, Fayetteville, Ark.

Stevenson-West Reunion

We are beginning work on our annual Stevenson-West Reunion, which will be held Sept. 4, 1960. We plan on a Civil War theme. We never dared say that in front of the late Miss Clara Eno. It was always the War between the States. Anyway, we plan to have descendants take the parts of the family's Federal and Confederate soldiers and give a brief sketch of that man's life and war experiences.

My great-great-grandmother -- wife of James G. Stevenson 1st and of George W. Reed -- was named Jane Wilson, daughter of Sam and Mary Winslow Wilson. Her sister Mary married Ezekiel Polk and was grandmother of James Knox Polk. If, by chance, this family is connected with the William Wilson family of Washington County whose records you plan to publish, I do want a copy of the book. I know that the Wilsons were prominent in North and South Carolina.

Mrs. Nell S. Garner,
R. # 1, Van Buren, Ark.

A Morning in the WCHS Offices at 12½ E. Center Street

Our Society maintains an office suite at 12½ E. Center street in Fayetteville, where our files and publications are kept, for the use of researchers or for sale. The president of our Society has an office adjoining the WCHS rooms. He is Roy A. Scott who is always on the job and delights in looking after the wants of visiting historians. Our secretary, Deane G. Carter, and editor, W.J. Lemke, spend part of each day in the WCHS office. Coffee is served twice daily.

On a typical day recently we had the following callers. Ray Larrabee dropped in to leave a newspaper account of the death of the last Yell descendant in California. Miss Margaret Gallaway brought some notes for Secretary Carter, who is making a study of Fayetteville street names. Mrs. Jewell Benbrook Hamblen came in to give information about her pioneer ancestors. J.D.Eagle dropped in to ask if the Society would reprint an earlier booklet, called "Some Old Fayetteville Homes." Ernest Scott of Goshen brought us an old book about Columbus and asked us to sell it at auction for the benefit of the Society. Harmon Remmel came in for a visit and talked about guns.

A regular visitor is Karl Greenhaw, whose law office is across the hall from the WCHS office. On this particular day Mr.Greenhaw brought with him the deathbed confession of Henry Starr, who was fatally wounded in the robbery of the Harrison bank. Mr.Greenhaw was prosecuting attorney at the time and recorded the confession. Starr confessed the robbery of the Harrison and Seligman banks and named his confederates. The outlaw's signature is in pencil and quite shaky. It is properly witnessed. In the envelope with the confession is the bullet that took the life of Henry Starr.

We invite our members and friends to visit our office and see the progress we are making in our picture and manuscript collections, our genealogical records, and our other activities. Plans are under way for another of our "historical auctions", probably on April 26, and a pilgrimage in May to the historic southwest part of our county.

PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL

The March 1960 issue of The Ozarks Mountaineer, published at Branson, Mo., carried an article by Mrs. Lois Morris of the Washington County Historical Society, describing the local history activities of the University of Arkansas Training School. The last sentence of the article reads thus: "Participating students believe that the study of local history is fun, enriches their daily lives, and prepares them for more effective citizenship in their community."

The annual meeting of the Arkansas Historical Association will be held May 6 and 7 in Fort Smith. Among the speakers will be Judge James Pilkington of Hope, Ralph Rea of Harrison, E. E. Dale of the U of Oklahoma, Ira Don Richards of Tulane U, Capt. Calvin Collier of Jacksonville, and others. The Ward Hotel will be convention headquarters.

Travelers on US 62 north of Rogers might like to stop at Avoca and see the handsome map of the Beaver Dam area, hanging in the Avoca post office. The map was prepared by Col. George L. Caldwell who is a member of the Washington County Historical Society. It shows the area that will be flooded when Beaver Dam is built, the access roads to the Dam, and the Pea Ridge National Park area.

At the request of Mrs. Charles E. Malone of Camden, Ark., our Society sent her a package of the material put out by the Washington County Historical Society. She was to conduct the March program of the Ouachita Valley Historical Society.

The Men's Club of Central Methodist Church, Fayetteville, heard a talk March 17 on "Guns" by Harmon Remmel who is a member of the Washington County Historical Society. He showed a number of prize items from his large gun collection.

Clifton G. Wade, also a member of our Society, has decorated his law office in Fayetteville witha number of rare old maps of Arkansas. The 1829 map shows Washington County 50 miles square and including what is now Benton County and parts of Carroll and Madison counties.

Icy highways March 7 kept many of our WCHS members from attending the ceremony at Pea Ridge when Governor Faubus presented deeds to the Pea Ridge battlefield land to representatives of the National Park Service from Washington. Ernie Deane of the Arkansas Gazette called attention to the fact that the snow and weather were similar to that which prevailed on the day of the battle, 98 years ago.

A FLASHBACK reader has sent us a clipping from the Milwaukee Journal, carrying a story of the battle of Pea Ridge and published onthe anniversary of the battle. Many inaccuracies in the story including the wrong names under the pictures of the commanding generals.

The Civil War Round Table of Springfield, Mo., has sent us the first two issues of Buck and Ball, a monthly newsletter published by that organization. The name, of course, comes from the newspaper published at Cane Hill, Ark., in December 1862, by printers in the 11th Kansas Infantry Regiment.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

History of the Skelton Family, by Alan G. Skelton
Radio in Fayetteville, by Deane G. Carter
Far West Chapter No.1 R.A.M., by O. E. Williams
"Chasing Guerillas in Arkansas", by A. B. Lewis
Presentation of flag of 1st Ark.Cav.USA, to the General Assembly, May 1865
Unpublished letters of Mary Custis Lee, Varina Jefferson Davis, and Frances Kirby-Smith, to Southern Memorial Association, Fayetteville

THE WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Incorporated
12½ E. Center St. P.O. 237
Fayetteville, Arkansas
- 0 -

Officers
Roy A. Scott, president
Tom C. Feathers, vice-president
Deane G. Carter, secretary-treasurer
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J. E. Bunch	Lockwood W. Searcy
Clarence V. Davis	Vera Drake Wade

- 0 -

The only requirements for membership in the Washington County Historical Society are an interest in our county's history and payment of the annual dues of $3. The dues include subscription to the Society's quarterly journal and monthly newsletter.

DEAR READER:

You have just finished reading the largest issue of a county historical magazine ever published in Arkansas -- 60 pages. We trust you found the contents of interest. You can help us keep up this high standard by securing additional members for our Society and by sending us contributions for FLASHBACK. If you do not care to write an article yourself, tell us where the material is and we will assign one of our qualified members to put it in shape for publication. If we do not record our history now, it may be lost forever. It may be lost anyway, at the rate the world is traveling, but we will at least have done our bit to preserve our heritage.

The Officers and Directors of the
Washington County Historical Society

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